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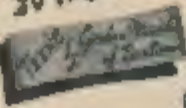
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Solo for Two

To the tips of her toes, Jane wanted to dance that solo number, but so did Lorrie

By REGINA J. WOODY

WHO'LL DECIDE which one of us gets the ballet solo?" Lorrie Halliday asked, peering into the mirror of her huge tortoise-shell compact, and touching the deep wave of her blond bob with caressing fingers.

"Peter Storm," Jane answered. "See, there he is now, coming down the side aisle." She motioned toward the red-haired man with the slight limp, trying as she did so to suppress the envy that Lorrie's utter perfection had so suddenly kindled. "He's taken over the coaching of the ballet. We want the whole thing to have a sort of military snap and precision."

"I see," Lorrie said, and expertly put on her lipstick. Until Lorrie had come to Boylston High, Jane Lowenthal had been the best dancer in school. Peter Storm had discovered her talent when she tried out for basketball. Alternately he'd coaxed and bullied her into becoming the best ball-player on the girls' team as well as the best ballet dancer Boylston had ever had. Jane had had the ballet lead until yesterday when Lorrie, who had captained the basketball team in Springdale, a town a hundred miles away, had asked to try out for it. Lorrie was as pretty as a bisque doll, whereas Jane was a very plain Jane except when she danced.

"Is he something for

the girls!" Lorrie gasped. "He's the answer to this maiden's prayer. What a crime he's lame."

"He's not so awfully lame," Jane's eyes were thoughtful. "He can get around. Boylston has beaten . . ."

"Oh, so it's like that, is it?" Lorrie snapped the compact

shut. "I beg your pardon. I didn't realize you had a crush on him."

"But I haven't got a crush on him." Jane almost stammered in her distress. "It's just that he's been so swell to me . . ."

Lorrie laughed mirthlessly. "Who do you think you're kidding? Don't be silly. Crushes

are all right. Why, at Springdale High there wasn't a teacher in the school who didn't think I was swooning over her. Teachers are as easy to play up to as a piano is to play on."

"Oh, no! I don't believe it. Anyway the teachers here aren't."

"You're telling me!" Lorrie's laugh was adult. "Girlie, your precious Storm will be a summer breeze when I wave my eyelashes at him, or else! I wish he'd stop talking to that Daly woman. I want to know if I just have to be a good dancer to meet with his approval or if I have to fall down and worship him, too."

"You only have to be good," Jane said soberly. "And I kind of think you are. Your practice work was lovely."

"Jane, Lorrie, on stage, please." Peter Storm snatched his glasses off and searched for Jane with keen, farsighted blue eyes. He ran a nervous hand over his square jaw and through his plume of red, wavy hair. Then he draped his lame right leg over the back of the seat in front of him and used his knee as a rest



Lorrie whirled past Jane, striking her a glancing blow. "You did that intentionally!" Peter Storm cried.

for his big, black notebook.

Swiftly Lorrie pirouetted to the back of the stage as if that were the easiest way to get there. A spatter of applause from the boys greeted her.

"Silence."

The word cut the atmosphere like a whiplash. The auditorium became eerily still.

"Okay. Music. Dance anything you like, girls. I just want to see the two of you moving."

Jane worked left, using just half the stage, doing some of her steps small, holding her pirouettes to her own prescribed limits. It was only when Lorrie whirled past and struck her a glancing blow with apparently graceful arms and knocked her completely off balance that Jane realized that Lorrie was using the whole stage instead of the right half

"Hey, girls! Stop! Time out. Are you hurt, Jane?" Peter Storm smacked his hands together to stop the piano. "That's enough, Lorrie," his voice was tight, "I'd bench you if you were in the field. You did that intentionally." He ran his hand through his hair and looked worriedly at Miss Daly. "Gosh, I didn't know girls played that rough."

"They do." Miss Daly smiled at his confusion. "Relax, Peter. For the next two months you can run this ballet as if it were a football squad, but right now just tell me which girl you think would make the best Princess O'Malley in the ballet. They're about even as to dancing ability."

"Well." Peter Storm moved nervously. He adored Jane. He'd brought her the hard way through three years of high school athletics, but he couldn't be unfair. "Frankly, Lorrie Halliday is Princess O'Malley in person."

"All right, Peter." Phyllis Daly looked a little disappointed. "Tell the girls, please. You're the big boss."

The half-empty box of chocolates was in plain sight. Lorrie's jaws were moving.



"You win, Lorrie," Peter Storm said gruffly. "Not on your dancing ability entirely, but on your looks. You look every inch a princess."

"Do you want me to keep on leading the line?" Jane's voice was very small. Peter Storm nodded cordially.

"I sure do. Better understudy Lorrie, too. She may need an understudy."

Jane stepped back. She felt as if he'd slapped her. Understudy! She who had always been the star. She tried to take a deep breath, but it wouldn't go past her throat; she held her lips steady with effort.

"Dear Heaven," she begged, "don't let me cry where he can see me. Three more months of school. Three more months of this. Oh, gee! Can I take it?"

Two hours later Peter Storm again took the floor. "Listen, kids," he said. "I'm no ballet mistress, but I can see what's wrong with this show. You're a bunch of softies. You breathe too hard when you dance. Your flesh is flabby and shakes. You bulge in the wrong places. Now, pay attention to me. The lot of you are going to train as if you were my prize football team. No ice cream. No candy. Bed every night at nine. No more cutting rehearsals to go to the movies. A half hour in your gym suits on the track every day before rehearsal. I'm not kidding. Anyone who won't give me her word of honor to keep training and do as she's told, please quit now." Three girls ostentatiously walked out. Peter Storm's eyebrows went up. "Anyone else throwing in the sponge?" No one moved.

"Rehearsal dismissed."

"Suppose a girl went to the movies just once instead of coming to rehearsal?" Lorrie stood beside Peter Storm. "Would you drop her from the cast?"

"I might, and I mightn't." Peter grinned down at her. "But I'm telling you this, Lorrie." Peter's hand was companionably on Jane's shoulder. "She'd be pretty dumb to try to find out. Hey, Plain Jane?"

(Continued on page 72)

THE VOICE SPEAKS

YOU'RE the future of the world."

How many times has that challenge been thrown at you? Probably so many times that you don't even hear it any more. And each generation before you got just as tired of hearing it and paid just as little attention to it.

I think it's time we took the sentence out, dusted it off, and set it up before us—because it is too important to be overlooked. It is a challenge, and it happens to be a true one.

So you say, "Okay, we're the future of the world; but what can we do about it? We're not old enough to carry guns and fly airplanes in this war. We can't go overseas as nurses or as Red Cross workers or as entertainers. We can't even vote or have any say about the peace and the kind of world we're going to live that future in. We have to wait for other people, for adults, to do it all.

"And what's more, the past generations have been telling us that the weightier problems of this war are not in the province of young people."

Aren't they? Are you living in a little ivory tower by yourself? Each of you has given up a lot in the last few years. Some of your fathers and brothers and friends are away fighting. Some of your mothers have gone to work in war plants. The home life of many families



And sets forth his ideas on a subject about which he feels so strongly that he is volunteering his time to lecture on it throughout the country. His words concern each of you both now and in the years to come

By FRANK SINATRA

has been disrupted or has developed into a hit-or-miss version of itself. You learned what it is to do without—sometimes only in small ways like not having all the new shoes you could use; sometimes in much deeper-reaching ways. Not one of you has been completely free of the effects of this war.

Even so, you've suffered no hardships compared to the peo-

ple of the devastated countries of Europe, or to those of the Americans in uniform.

You can point out that you've tried to do your bit. You could rest in luxury on the laurels of the bonds you've bought or the scrap you've collected. But if you do, your children—maybe even you yourselves—will have to fight this war all over again.

What can you do? Well, it's true that you can't sit in Congress and you can't go on the battlefield and fight, but there's a big battle to be fought right here at home. And you are the ones to fight it. The first part of the battle is to know what you're fighting against and to recognize the dangers that must be overcome. Think back to the steps the Nazis used to gain their power; remember what this war is all about. We're all too apt to think of the war in terms of troops and battles, or yards and miles gained and lost, because they are now the most important

elements to each of us. But remember the human elements. Remember that it all started because the Nazi group set themselves up as better than other people. They played upon existing prejudices and built up even more by the persecution of minority groups. They worked on the ego-inflating idea that if you can find a little guy to knock around, you will

feel just that much more important and powerful. So the Nazis, with chests inflated and whips in hand, declared themselves a "superior race" and overrode their neighbors to impose their ways on others. We're not fighting them just to restore boundaries and governments. We're fighting to restore peoples.

That's where you come in. The discord that Hitler promoted, the pitting of group against group, religion against religion, isn't limited to Germany. It's going on here, too. Some of it is being promoted maliciously by trained propagandists whose aim is to divide and conquer. And even more, the more dangerous part, is being fostered innocently by people all around you who nurse their prejudices, who refuse to see Irma Cohen or Timothy O'Shea or the colored girl down the street, for instance, as people, but always think of them in terms of a religion or a race set apart.

What has made the United States a wonderful country? Is it because it is inhabited only by Catholics or by Protestants or by whites? Each race and creed has contributed. When our forebears sought refuge in this country, it was because here were hope and opportunity for each, no matter what his race or beliefs. At least that's the principle upon which we were founded, that we were a melting pot of all races, colors, and religions, and that we called all these people Americans. Anyone who tries to change that principle is destroying one of the most important things that make us tick. But it's a prin-



Sinatra fans have a way of crowding around to do a bit of stargazing. Here they have Frank almost shoved out of the picture.



The center photo shows Sinatra in one of his poses that come easiest—at the mike.

Below, Frank Sinatra rehearses with Joan Leslie for a recent radio broadcast. Television ought to have something good here!



you know what democracy is.

When I was a kid, I lived in a neighborhood that had mixtures of all kinds—Jews, Catholics, Protestants, white and colored, Poles and Irish. Oh, we had our fights, plenty of them, but they were personal issues, not grudges of group against group, which is the important thing. But too often in this country groups are incited against groups, people are full of "antis." I can't believe that modern American girls and boys really think that way. It has always been distasteful to me and I am sure it has been to you. But unless we preach democracy actively, unless we stamp out intolerance, unless we try to teach each other to consider our fellow men as people, not as specific races and religions, we won't have done our job. We'll be just as guilty as the people who are nursing their prejudices. It's up to us to make sure that the lives that have been spent in this war have not been spent for nothing.

ciple that constantly needs renewing and supporting, that must always be remembered if we want to make sure that no Nazis happen here.

In not many years you'll be old enough to cast your vote as to the laws and the lawmakers of this country, and to be among the lawmakers yourselves. And you'll be ready to do it and fit to do it, capable of making sure your children don't go through another war, only if

When Sisters GET UNDER YOUR SKIN

Your sense of humor,
fair play, and understanding
come to the rescue

By ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

SISTERS can be friends. There is a special kind of intimacy possible between them, and the dream that they may enjoy each other's companionship is one which can come true. But many letters which have come to this adviser tell the less pleasant side of the sister act. There are complaints from both younger and older sisters, for problems are common in family life everywhere.

Let's look into some possible reasons for the troubles and irritations. First, there's the fact that sisters are not necessarily alike—not even the quintuplets. This makes life complicated but interesting. And, naturally, age differences count. A girl only eight years old, let us say, just can't be expected to have the same good judgment as her older sister. Wise big sisters try to make allowances, and little sisters must learn willingness to give the older girls credit for greater understanding. These things take time to learn, and we do not all grasp things with equal speed or ease.

Then there's the matter of trying to understand the feelings of others. There are pangs of jealousy, for instance. Younger girls sometimes envy their big sisters' clothes, greater freedom, boy-friends, or good looks. And there are times when older girls reflect that it would be wonderful to be as cute and seemingly carefree as their younger sisters. Sis-



"Younger sisters can be difficult," complains
an older one, "especially when they tag along!"

ters of all ages seem to know that it is quite possible to love a person and want to hit out at her too! But it is a part of becoming civilized to learn that one cannot yield to the more violent emotions. Gradually one grows to understand and live with one's own and other people's feelings and ideas.

It does not help to blame somebody else for every failure, to make constant comparisons, or to weigh every privilege, duty, or mistake as though on a scale. It is fortunate, too, if one is blessed with a sense of humor and does not treat each incident as a Major Event.

There is practical help to be found in seeking the causes for constant disagreements, asking ourselves whether we have allowed for differences in health, time, temperament, maturity, and, above all, in the

relative security and happiness of each member of the family. Sometimes a girl may be worried about a feeling that in some way she is not measuring up. She may be working too hard at school and not getting enough rest or recreation. She may be troubled about problems which she has not been able to discuss with those who might help her. If a girl is in any such state of mind, she may begin—quite unconsciously, perhaps—to blame everything and everyone else, never really facing her problems at all. Then perhaps she takes it out on a sister—who may be difficult, too, for reasons of her own—out of all proportion to any immediate cause. It is always helpful to think about such things.

Many girls feel that their par-
(Continued on page 68)



1

Jabberwocky is danced to the rhythm of the Jersey Bounce, and the basic step is a variation of the Lindy. Instead of the Lindy's usual step one, two, in the Jabberwocky you do a tap, slide, one step, two step in whatever direction you wish to go. The "Jabberwocky" comes in the breaks. In the first picture, Arthur Murray dance instructors Velma Smith and George McConville raise crossed fingers, the handy way of saying, "Here's hoping." Here's hoping you like the dance, too. It's all yours!

Jivin' to

Come on, jivin' juniors! Here's a brand new dance designed especially for you. It's a handy number for you to do with your feet



2

Tap, slide, one step, two step together again, and then the partners go into their second break. This time Velma tries a cross kick step as she breaks away from George. But George doesn't like it and Jabberwockies by drawing his hand across his throat, which means, "Cut it," or extreme disapproval—though George's happy grin doesn't look to us as if he disapproves too much. At least he didn't signal thumbs down, which in handy-language means, "I don't like this a bit!"



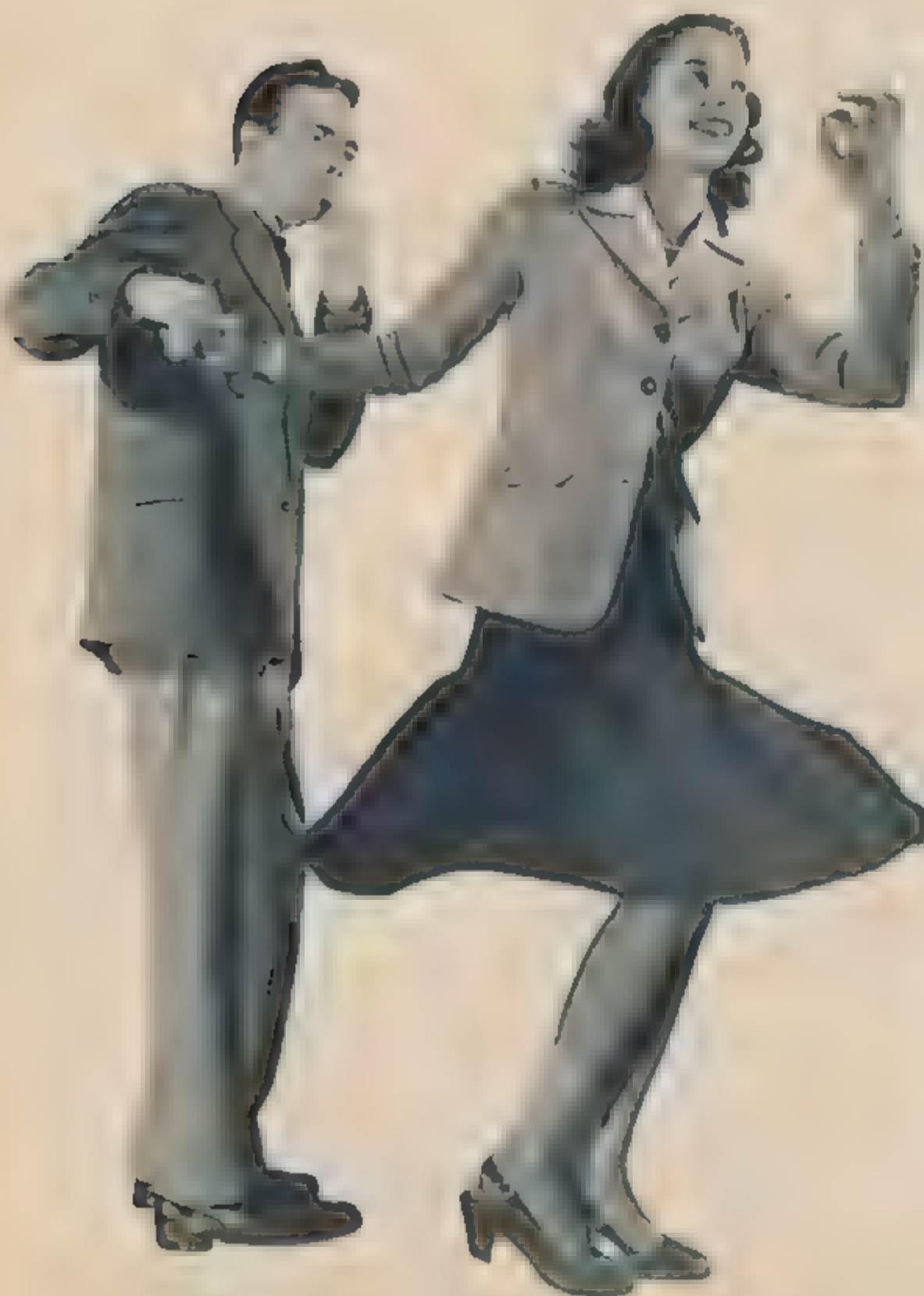
Jabberwocky

CALLING ALL GIRLS made Jabberwocky famous and dancing made Arthur Murray famous—and here's what happened when they got together. A new dance was born—the Jabberwocky—created by dance master Arthur Murray and incorporating Jabberwocky "finger funnies." We nominate the Jabberwocky dance for fame.



4

For a while George and Velma tap, slide, one step, two step it out again, and then go into their final break. This time both of them give the V for Victory signal which means that the new Jabberwocky dance is in the groove. And so we leave it in your hands—or rather, handies. The number of different breaks you might add depends on the extent of your sign language vocabulary. And don't forget, new words can always be added to the language!



3

Partners step together again and the same tap, slide, one step, two step is repeated until they get around to the next break. This time George throws Velma out in a twirling break. She smiles and Jabberwockies "Okay" with the thumb and first finger signal. George says in his own handy way that it's a bit of solid stepping, as he gives forth with his wolf whistle in approval of his slick chick of a partner.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE

Mystery

THE STORY UP TO NOW

When GILLY PRESCOTT entered the candid camera contest she arranged with Doug McCord to use his darkroom for developing her negatives. By way of thanks, she decided to take a picture of Doug's father through the window of his flower shop. She ruined her first attempt by making a double exposure, but was satisfied with her second shot. But when she showed the print to Doug he said he'd never seen the man in his life! Just then they were interrupted by the gracer who called them into the shop where they found Mr. McCord unconscious from a blow on the head. Later Mr. McCord told the police he didn't know who'd hit him, but when the police discovered the \$500 receipts from the sale of the benefit exhibit tickets missing they implied he'd faked the holdup and had stolen the money himself. After the police had left, Gilly remembered the snapshot she'd taken of the man in the flower shop and realized he must be the real thief. Gilly set out to take the picture to the police to clear Mr. McCord. When she stopped on the way to phone home, however, the picture was stolen, and then a strange car seemed to follow Gilly as she raced back to Doug's. There they discovered the darkroom had been ransacked and the negative of the film was gone. Doug and Gilly realized someone was trying to frame Mr. McCord so they told the whole story of the dark man and the stolen print to SERGEANT GRESHAM, but he laughed at them saying they'd made it all up. As a last resort, Gilly admitted the double exposure to Doug but when they made the print of it all they got was a confused blur. You couldn't even be sure it showed a man in the flower shop at all! Now go on with Chapter V.

GILLY had realized from the moment she remembered the double exposure that it was a long chance. She was fairly certain the thief had turned his back as she snapped the shutter, and furthermore she had no way of knowing how completely he would be obliterated by the first picture she had taken on that negative. But at least it had offered a possibility of hope, and now that that hope was gone, Gilly felt panic-stricken.

"Well, that's that," Doug said.

"Yes. I guess it is."

They had both been staring at the jumbled print for a long minute, but now they turned discouragedly away. Gilly wanted to go right back to the police station and make Sergeant Gresham believe that she had seen the thief and knew what he looked like. But she

It looked as though Gilly and Doug were defeated, but then, unexpectedly, they received help from a new source!

By ADAM ALLEN, Author of "New Brooms Experiment"

knew it was hopeless. She understood perfectly that the story she and Doug had told that morning sounded silly enough to have been made up on the spur of the moment.

As she sat over her homework that night, just twenty-four hours after the awful thing happened, Doug's grim face and his father's thin worried one kept coming between her and her opened books. She had talked the whole thing over with her family at dinner, and they had tried to cheer her up.

"They won't really convict Mr. McCord of taking the money unless they have some proof," Mr. Prescott had said, and her mother had echoed, "Of course they won't, dear."

But Gilly refused to be

cheered. "Even if they don't," she pointed out, "it's bad enough just having people suspect him, on top of that having happened to him once before."

The next day at school was awful. All the girls and boys who had questioned her curiously before were even more curious now that they had read in the newspaper an account of the disappearance of the \$500 Mr. McCord had collected from the sale of tickets to the Candid Camera Contest Exhibit. The paper didn't mention the fact that the police suspected the florist of having taken it himself; it only said noncommittally that investigations were being made. But Gilly couldn't help but think that readers would guess what

The next day at school was awful. All the girls and boys questioned her curiously.





"Gilly!" She looked around at the sound of her name spoken in Doug's voice. "Patrolman Claggett wants to talk to us," Doug called.



lay behind the brief story. And the comments of several of the students convinced her that at least some of them had.

"It does seem sort of funny, doesn't it?" mused the girl named Cora, who sat next to Gilly in geometry class. "I mean—the police say there's no trace of a thief having been in the shop. You know," she lowered her voice, "I've heard about people stealing something and then knocking themselves out so it could be blamed on somebody else—on a regular burglar, that is. You don't think . . ."

"Of course not!" Gilly spoke so vehemently that several other people looked around to see what was going on. Gilly colored and lowered her voice. "That's the silliest thing I ever heard. If you'd ever met Mr. McCord . . ."

"But nobody has. Except in his shop, I mean. Doug doesn't seem to have many friends around here either. He keeps to himself—except for you," the girl added, with a sly wink that made Gilly angrier than ever.

It had always been fun, when she lived in Passmore, to be teased about the boys she went to the movies with and had cokes with at Dugan's. But this was different. It seemed to imply . . .

"He just doesn't have much time," Gilly said; as calmly as she could. "He helps his father

in the shop every afternoon."

"Well, now that you've broken him down, I hope you're not going to be selfish about him. He is terribly handsome, isn't he? I love red hair."

"He's all right."

The words were more than inadequate, but Gilly chose them deliberately. In her heart she thought Doug was at least twice as handsome as any boy she'd ever known.

"Of course any of us would do what you're doing—stand up for him—even if his father is under a cloud."

So that's what they thought—that she was defending Mr. McCord just because Doug was good looking and she liked him.

"I think people are awful to strangers," Gilly said in a voice that quavered humiliatingly. Now she couldn't let Doug and his father down even if it meant that her own reputation in Clinton was forever established on a false and unfair basis. All right. She didn't care what people thought of her.

But she did, of course. It was hard to walk along the halls and wonder if that whisper you heard behind you, and the sudden giggle, were aimed at you. It was difficult to pass a group of girls and have their animated conversation fall silent, and to be the target of their eyes as you went by.

She walked out of school that afternoon with her head held high, her eyes straight ahead.

"Gilly!"

She looked around at the sound of her name spoken in Doug's voice. For a moment she couldn't see him, and then she did, and she lifted her head another fraction of an inch. Doug and a policeman were standing beside a car at the curb. Dozens of eyes were, Gilly knew, glued to her back; but she didn't care.

"Hello, Doug." She braced herself to be polite to Sergeant Gresham, but when she recognized the man in the uniform she smiled in relief. It was the nice policeman—the quiet Patrolman Claggett, who had come to the shop with Gresham that first night and who, Gilly wished, had been in charge instead of his loud-voiced superior.

"He wants to talk to us," Doug told her.

"Get in, both of you," Claggett said, opening the car door.

And a moment later they were driving away toward Doug's home, under the concentrated stares of the school body. Claggett smiled at them, but he didn't speak until they were in the McCord apartment.

"Now," he said, taking off his cap and looking suddenly much younger and even nicer than he had. He wiped his forehead with a big handkerchief. Gilly found herself thinking with surprise that policemen were people after all, just like anybody else. Patrolman Claggett, she thought, was probably a very nice person indeed.

And then she hardened her heart. If Gresham had sent him here in the hope that he could break down their story where the sergeant had failed . . . Oh, no. They wouldn't let themselves be caught by smiles and polite words.

"I—uh—let's sit down," Claggett said then.

"Yes. Sure. Excuse me." Doug pulled chairs forward.

Claggett didn't try to question them right away; he just studied a little notebook he carried—the one he'd taken notes in on the night of the robbery, probably.

That must be the plan, all right: smiles and polite words. And just how did the police think Mr. McCord could get better when they made it so clear that they suspected him? Gilly asked herself grimly.

Finally Claggett closed his notebook and put it in his pocket. "I'm not on duty now," he added unexpectedly. "I'm here on my own."

Gilly stared at him. She told herself she would never have believed that the police—guardians of law and order—would lie so flagrantly in order to trap somebody. Did he really think they'd change their story just because he pretended he was off duty? That they'd confess they'd made it up if only they were questioned informally?

"I heard about your visit to headquarters yesterday," Claggett said slowly, "and I wanted to come and talk to you about it unofficially." He looked up at

them. "Because I believe you."

"You believe us!" Gilly and Doug said it simultaneously.

Claggett nodded, smiling a little at their excitement. "But you mustn't blame the sergeant because he didn't. It is a screwy story. I suppose you know that yourselves."

"Of course it is. But it's true," Gilly told him.

"Well, I rather thought it was. But then I had a special reason for thinking that. Suppose you describe this fellow to me, will you?"

Gilly put in every detail she could think of. And when she had finished, Doug added one or two minor points that he'd noted in the photograph. Claggett nodded slowly.

"It could be," he murmured.

"You know who it was?" Gilly asked excitedly.

"I know who it might have been. You see, about a year ago, when I first came on the force, I had a little run-in with a chap who looked just like that. I thought he'd committed

a burglary on my beat—held up the owner of an all-night restaurant and emptied his till. My evidence was pretty slim: it was just that I'd seen him hurrying past me when I was walking toward the restaurant on my rounds. I thought he looked scared, and I noticed he pulled up his coat collar when he got near me. But I still recognized him—Chuck Meekin, his name is. Then, when I reached the restaurant and found out what had happened, I remembered seeing Chuck hurrying away. So I went down to the drugstore where he usually hangs around and picked him up."

Gilly and Doug were both sitting on the edge of their chairs. Gilly had forgotten all about her determination to mistrust the police. She didn't mistrust Claggett at all.

"He let me take his fingerprints," the patrolman went on, "and then he laughed in my face. Said he'd been in that drugstore all evening, and could prove it. He did, too; the owner of the drugstore gave him an abbi."

"Hadn't the man in the restaurant recognized him?" Gilly asked.

"No. Said it had happened too fast."

"Just the way it happened to Dad," Doug murmured to himself. (Continued on page 45)



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FRIENDS ACROSS THE BORDER

Girls in gay Mexico welcome a chance to compare notes with this young American

By PHILIPPA SCHUYLER
Thirteen Years Old

IT was very exciting to watch our possessions being searched by the customs officials of two nations at Laredo, Texas. The Americans read our mail and took our address books, but the Mexicans just peeped in two of our six bags and passed the others without even a glance. After that, we crossed a thousand miles of desert where the prickly pears and cacti grow into giant misshapen trees against a background of the huge barren mountains. Every hour the train would stop at a mud village and "rest" from the terrific heat of the glaring sun.

When we reached Mexico City it seemed to surprise everyone that we were only twelve hours late. Carmen Metaxa, a charming girl whom we had met traveling with her grandmother from Monterrey, steered us through the terrific bedlam at the station. A week later, we were guests at her beautiful Spanish villa with its garden of large red roses. Inside, there were four teen-age girls—Carmen, her sister Juanita, and Enrietta and Rosita, two friends. All of them were as eager to talk to an American girl as I was to talk to them.

"It must be fun to be an American girl!" exclaimed Carmen.

The others nodded enthusiastically. As they had all studied English and I had had some Spanish, we were using both languages, with none too good pronunciation on either side. They all began to tell me what they would do if they were American girls. They

Here's Philippa herself in one of the colorful costumes Mexican girls love to wear.



would have dates, wear nylons, and learn to jive.

"If you were a Mexican girl," Enrietta said, "you could not associate with boys during preparatory school. In grammar school, *si*. But then for five years, no. We cannot go to school together again until we attend the university!"

"In Mexico we do not have enough teachers and schools to

go around, so we must take education very seriously," explained Juanita.

Now I understood why education was not compulsory. I had seen many teen-age girls working as maids and wondered how they could stay out of school. Enrietta went on to tell me that only the public grammar schools were free and that preparatory school consisted of three years of junior high and two years of high school. But they work harder than we do. In the ninth grade they study algebra, geometry, world history, geography, Spanish grammar, English, Latin, and Greek! For two weeks before the final examinations they have a vacation in which to cram. Usually, they are given for study a list of questions from which the test questions come. Those who cram hard and have good memories are sure to pass.

"Do you have a long summer vacation?" I asked.

They laughed. Their school year, they explained, was from March to November. Another surprise came when they told me they have two and one-half hours for lunch, from 12:30 to 3 P.M. Recently, however, President Camacho discontinued the traditional siesta for stores and offices since, as a result, they stayed open quite late in the evenings, which wasted electricity.

At this point, we were interrupted by the serving of refreshments — small cups of thick, spiced chocolate, just as Montezuma had it in the early sixteenth century.

Now tiny Rosita was talking. "We love your American
(Continued on page 56)



Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe because it brings back Betty Grable (Betty and Harry James' daughter, Victoria Elizabeth James, celebrates her first birthday in March). Another reason for saving movie time and money for Betty's film is that Dick Haymes, one of your newest heartthrobs, is her singing (and how he sings!) leading man. The Diamond Horseshoe, Billy Rose's gaudy night club, is the backstage setting, but Betty and Dick do their wooing in a park. (20th C-Fox)

God Is My Co-Pilot because it tells the thrilling true story of the American Flying Tigers in their valiant efforts to help China defend herself against Japan; and particularly because it tells the equally true story of Col. Robert L. Scott (Dennis Morgan) who became known as the "one-man air force," but who convinced himself that a pilot is never alone in flying a plane, as the film's sincere title suggests. (Warner Bros.)

I'll Be Seeing You because it tells us so much we need to know about the terrifying insecurity many soldiers will be haunted by because of mental scars left from the war. Of course, you'll see it the first time for the bittersweet love story—besides, who would pass up Joseph Cotten, Ginger Rogers, and Shirley Temple all in one film! But be sure to see it again at your second-run theater—and wear your smartest thinking cap to ponder and remember what it says. (Selznick)



MOVIE MEMOS

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor

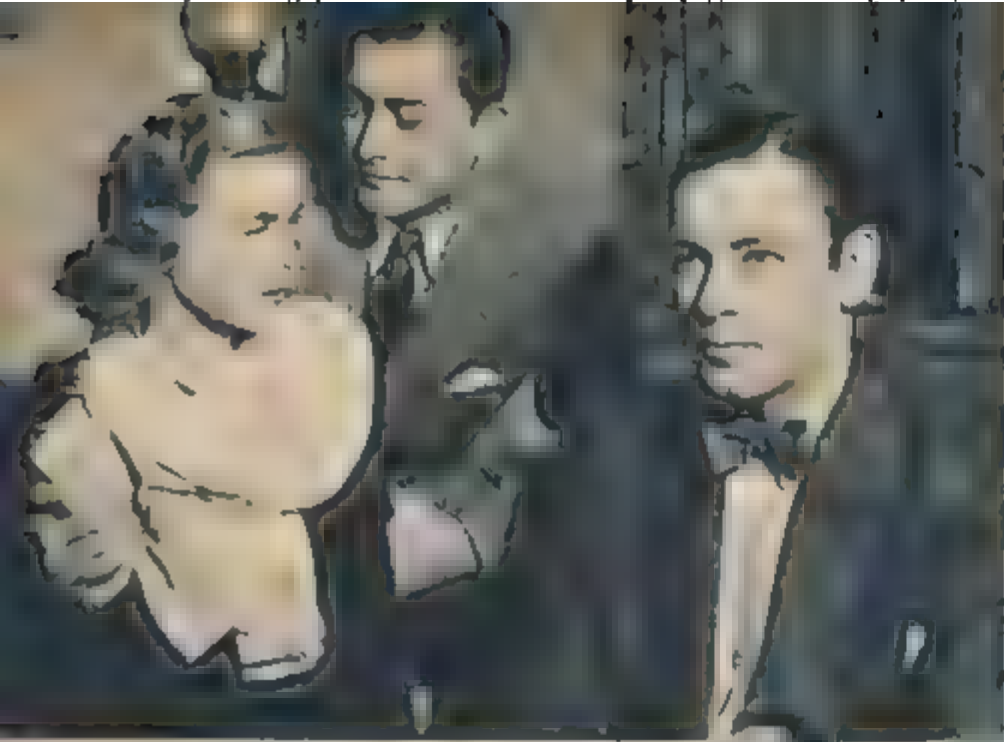
*Mark
on your
calendar*



*See
these
again*



Music for Millions because the first time you'll be pretty helpless with laughter at Margaret O'Brien's quaint ways and her ridiculous encounters with Jimmy Durante. But the second time (it's best to wait a few days or weeks to get all the delights of a "return engagement")—ah, then you can let the lovely, lovely Iturbi music absorb you. (MGM)



The Enchanted Cottage, Dorothy McGuire's next film. Since as Claudia she lived in what seemed to us the last word in enchanting farmhouses, Dorothy should be thoroughly at home in her new picture. It may be, however, that you'll see her first in a Brooklyn slum if "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" advances its release date. Robert Young, Herbert Marshall co-star in "The Enchanted Cottage." [RKO]

Delightfully Dangerous, Jane Powell's second starring film. This has everything you like—film stars your own age, Jane Powell's truly top-flight singing, Morton Gould's orchestra—and what he does with a Strauss waltz, played traditionally and then jived! But the real pay-off is watching Jane do what you've always longed to do—dress in sophisticated togs and pretend to be years older. [U.A.]



It's a Pleasure—it always is to see Sonja Henie floating through the air, either on skates by herself or on dancing slippers with her partner, Don Loper. In addition to the first technicolor ice ballets there are speedy hockey games. [RKO]

Make a note of these



Tonight and Every Night. The title refers to the determination of a group of players in London to put their show on every night no matter what the risk or heartbreak. Lee Bowman is an RAF Squadron Leader shot down by Rita Hayworth's charm. No wonder, Rita was never lovelier. [Col.]



Thunderhead, Son of Flicka, the next film in which you'll see CALLING ALL GIRLS' cover boy, Roddy McDowall. Roddy enjoyed making this film more than he did "My Friend Flicka," for the original Flicka never adjusted herself to the camera and made trouble for her mottal. [20th C-Fox]

Aldens Teen Togs



RIGHT ON THE FASHION BEAM

Listen, girls! The Fashion Editor of your pet magazine says, "Aldens Teen Togs are definitely on the beam!" And you'll say they're the smoothest dream duds that ever made a slick chick a knockout . . . for school, for play . . . wherever the gang gathers!



Kean all-wool swing skirt for 7 to 16ers! Wonderful caper colors. Aqua or Bright Red. Teen sizes, \$3.98. Girls' sizes, \$3.59.



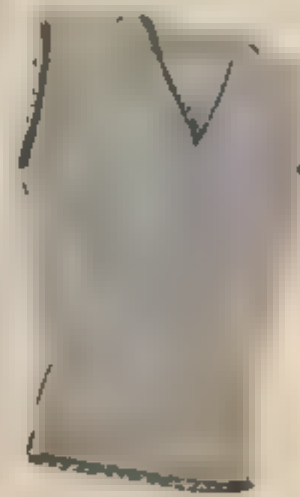
Glamor-packed, dainty sheer white Cotton Balate Blouse. Gay beading and a red drawstring on the fresh neck. For 10 to 16ers. Only \$1.98.



Classic suitor shirt of fine spun rayon and cotton with colorful saddle stitching.



Get an eyeful of this super spun-rayon skirt. A-whirl with pleats all 'round. Bright red, caper blue or yellow. Teens, \$2.98. Girls', \$2.49.



A whistle-bait sweater for 7 to 16ers! Bright new sleeveless pullover. Solid color new wool worsted. Yellow, Red, Blue. Teens, \$1.98.



(Send ration stamp)

Classy kicks, too! The pet saddle oxford of elk-tanned leather, rubber sole, heel. Only \$2.29 for Girls; \$2.59 for Misses. The California step-in is a smash hit! Red, Brown or White. Only \$2.29.

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Aldens
CHICAGO MAIL ORDER COMPANY
Chicago 7, Ill. . . . Est. 1889

WITH EVERY SLICK CHICK!

Here's Hi-Style Scout Jean Bulger in Aldens slick-chick Suit and Coat Matchmates! Fine Shefford-type fabrics, beautifully tailored. N. finest of clothes for dream dates! 3 qualities \$9.95, \$12.95 and \$15.95.

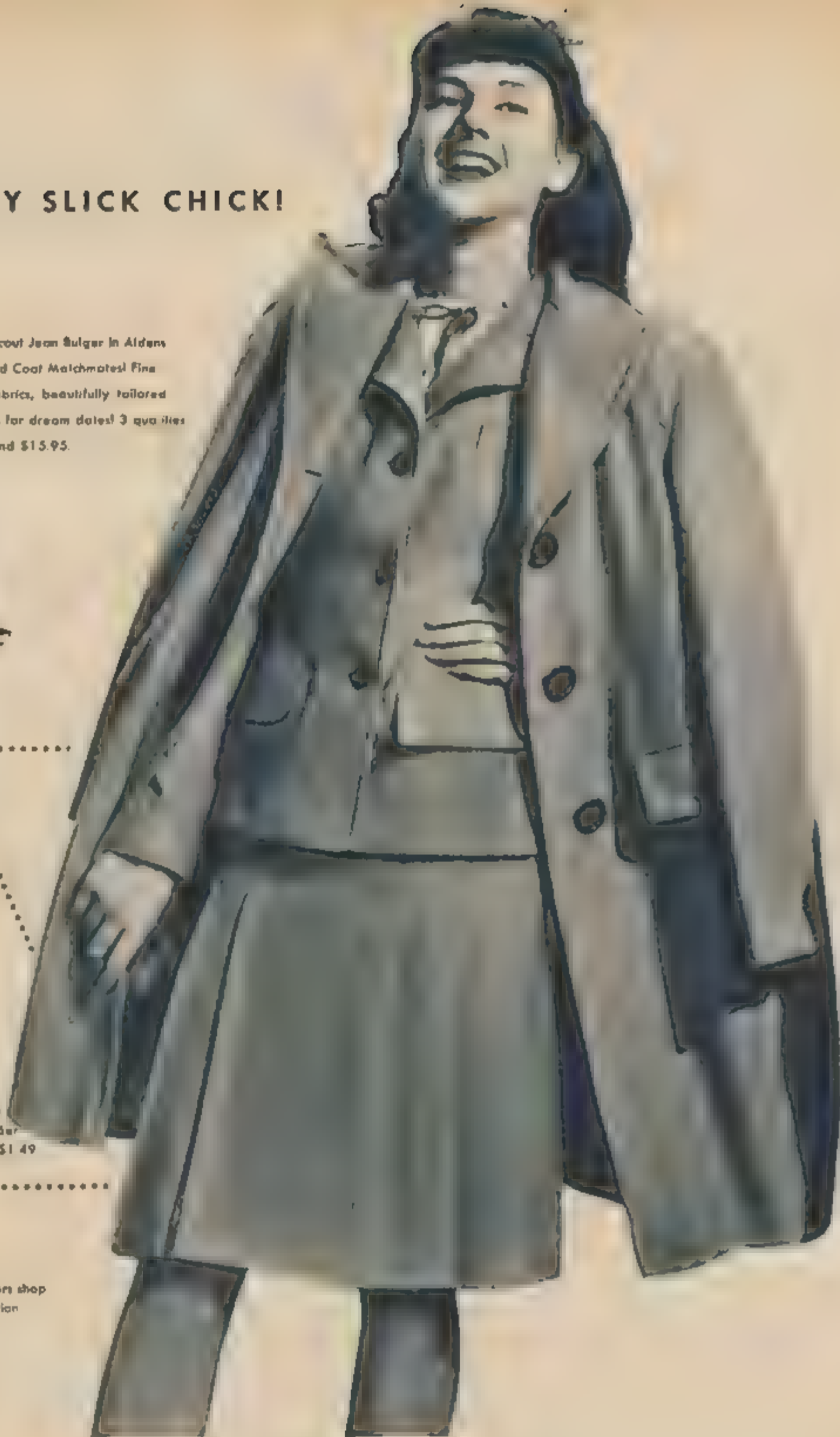


Color: white with red or blue stitching. And only \$1.59



Another sharp new sleeveless pullover Argyle type in sturdy cotton. Yellow or Blue. Any 7 to 16s can afford this one. It's only \$1.49

5,000,000 value-wise customers shop by mail from Aldens. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. How about you?



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You, too, can tame time

Does that old demon time run away from you? This article will tell you how to crack the whip over the clock and make it mind

By MARGUERITTE HARMON BRO

Author of "Let's Talk About You"

have leisure. But as for us, there are so many things we have to do and then so many things we want to do that we never get caught up. What's the matter with us?

It's cold comfort to realize that everyone has the same number of hours in a day. Mrs. Roosevelt, Bette Davis, Pearl Buck, you and I—all the same. Cleopatra, Florence Nightingale, Madame Curie—whatever they had that we don't have, it wasn't more hours in a day. Time plays no favorites. Can nothing be done? The wise ones assert that disciplined time is a wild thing to drag us to destruction—which is not the place we're planning to go. Better we should scan the signposts: ten tips to tame time.

See yourself. That's the first step. You never get caught up. At night you stay up too late because there's so much to do. Then you sleep late in the morning because you stayed up late because you're behind, and so you add to the lag. To other people you may offer alibis, excuses, noble reasons, and as good a line as you can muster. But don't deceive yourself. Take a square look at each

little deformity and then—

Set your chin. You don't have to be permanently grotesque with one long arm stretched back toward the duties of last month and both feet in a slough of unfinished business. Up and out. You're going to climb your mountain, swim your sea, make order from your own chaos. Time's going to eat out of your hand or else

Begin where you are. Practically everybody intends to do better someday. Once you get caught up, then you're going to make yourself a time budget and stick tight. But first you have to write two term papers, answer that pile of letters, mend and press your clothes, wash your hairbrush, return everything you've borrowed, put in order your messed-up dresser drawers, and straighten your room. Listen, if you wait for that mythical clean

PRACTICALLY everyone who matters has a time with time. It goes too fast. Looking toward the whirling tomorrows we feel like one of those roller coasters that spins as it loops. Indeed, sometimes we feel that we'd just as soon spill out as go on whirling, caught as we are between the meshes of the hours. Some people, we tell ourselves, seem to



A TALK TO TEEN-AGERS

by a **GLAMOROUS**

Powers Model!

A CHAT on charm by a girl who has plenty of it! Edith Durston, Powers model, is blue-eyed, tall, willowy. She's a knock-out—sure. But Edith will tell you good looks don't just happen.

Says Edith Durston: "I find that a girl needs to lead 'a model life' if she wants to have that dewy look. I go in for exercise. Skating and swimming, or a brisk game of tennis. An eight hour snooze every night is a must. Eating right—that's important, too. Three nourishing meals a day, including breakfast.

"I enjoy breakfast—and frequently include a big bowl of Wheaties with milk and fruit. Wheaties are the first breakfast food I ever tasted and liked as a child—and I still like them."

Try Wheaties yourself! Crunchy golden flakes of toasted whole wheat. Fun to eat. Good for you, too. Let Wheaties help you get off to a beautiful start each day. Include a big bowlful, with plenty of milk and fruit, in your breakfast.

SPECIAL! Pictures of Glamorous Powers Models—set of three, including Edith Durston. Each picture 5 by 7 in., suitable for framing. Today, send one Wheaties box top and only 5c (to cover handling costs) to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 17, Minneapolis 15, Minn.

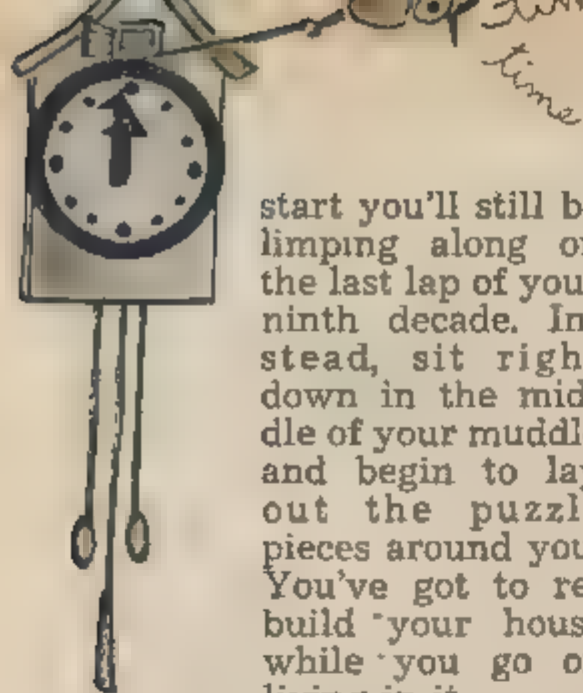
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INCLUDE WHEATIES IN
YOUR MODEL LIFE!



EDITH W. DURSTON

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start you'll still be limping along on the last lap of your ninth decade. Instead, sit right down in the middle of your muddle and begin to lay out the puzzle pieces around you. You've got to rebuild your house while you go on living in it.

Make a blue print. If you can't figure out your day on paper, you certainly can't figure it out in action. Reach for a pencil. What is it you want most in life? A husband? A career? Both? Well, then, are you headed that way? What is it you want next in life? After all, you can't leap to your destination in one big bound. Day by day does it; you have to determine a series of near-goals in the right direction. Good grades? Dramatic society? Tennis championship? A cup for swimming? Are you swamped as soon as you take on a big job? Maybe that's because you have too spotty an array of small jobs.

Bracket the basics. Make a

list of everything you have to do in an ordinary day. The inescapables. For instance, sleep. If you want to be thoroughly awake when your eyes are open, able to concentrate without effort and to tread the daily round with a light step, write down a good fat ten or at least nine hours for sleep.

Bathing, dressing, pin-curling, and the rest of the body-beautiful routine take around forty-five minutes even if nature has dealt you hair and a complexion which need no coaxing care. Food requires about an hour and a quarter—fifteen minutes for breakfast, at least twenty for lunch, maybe forty for dinner. To be sure, the books allow more time for eating, what with chewing, swallowing, and pleasant conversation, but we might as well be realistic in a day of class bells and telephone calls. A fourth basic, if you live at home, is your share of housework—dishes, dusting, beds, small brothers and sisters, and errands. These days when everybody works, your share may average an hour and a half.

Classes. Next to the bull session, classes are doubtless the most important part of your schooling. Four courses and one of them lab clip close to five hours off the day. An hour of

preparation for each hour of recitation—that's the formula, but you condense your studying into three hours total. Another hour for piano practice or some equivalent daily responsibility. Add. Twenty-one and one-half hours. These are your basics, the things you have to do to keep yourself on an even keel.

Balance the budget. Two and one-half hours left for getting to and from school, for dates, movies, committee meetings, sports, letter writing, telephoning, reading, and thinking. Can't be done.

Now you begin to balance, weigh, shift, divide, subtract. The warning words that you can't do everything take on a more realistic note. Maybe the most disheartening discovery of adult life is the realization that you'll never be able to do all the things you really want to do.

Stuffing your time too full, like stuffing your stomach too full, jams the works. And it makes no difference that the food or the deeds are top quality. Maybe you'll have to make it tennis this year, archery next. If you want music all the time—or acting or horseback riding or whatever—you may have to sacrifice basketball, hockey, or

(Continued on page 59)

Clawing the air when you're in a work-jam will get you nowhere. Even an octopus uses his head.



Alice in Wonderland of Fantasy

 Doris Dodson



anderson-
doris dodsons through the looking glass
printed rayon crepe de chine
predominantly red peacock blue
even to turquoise about thirteen dollars

WRITE US FOR THE NAME OF YOUR LOCAL SHOP... Doris Dodson ST. LOUIS 1, MISSOURI



"PEACHY" another DERBY WINNER

We call it "Peachy" because it's soft as the bloom of a peach! Because its colors are like peach blossoms: lime, pink, blue. Because it features the new shirred double pocket skirt. And because it's a peachy bolero outfit to wear everywhere. All wool jersey with the feel of rich cashmere. Sizes 10 to 16. About \$15. At leading stores everywhere.

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1—Revival of the useful arts. This young pupil at the Central School, Lingfield, England, spins wool left on countryside hedges by sheep. She's also learning to cook, and to paint wooden labels for garden products. *British-Combine Photo*

2—Rural electrification contest. 4-H Club state winners Jane Augustine, 15, Indianapolis, Ind., Martha Spear, 14, Menlo, Ga., and Frances McMillen, 17, of Enid, Okla., investigate the front-wheel bay of a C-54 transport during the Chicago 4-H Club Congress. Frances was the only girl to win a national award from the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Co. this year.

3—Queen of the Rose Bowl. Mary Rutte, 16, of Pasadena, Cal., ruled the annual Tournament of Roses at classic Rose Bowl game on New Year's Day. *Press Association Photo*

4—Prize dress designers. First place winner in the fourteen-fifteen age group of the Dayton, Ohio, Elder & Johnston Company CALLING ALL GIRLS Club design contest was Joan Rae Weiss, left. Margaret Graman, on right, won second place.

When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

"THEY USED TO SAY 'MOUSEY'—
BUT IT'S 'SLICK CHICK' NOW!"

"This is me, back in the old days B.S. (Before Singer). Clothes situation—sad! My allowance didn't go far those days!"



"I felt sick when I heard a couple of the girls talking about me one day! 'She could be cute,' one said, 'but she's so mousey!'"

"Comes an idea! If I could make my own clothes, I could have lots more—in just the colors and materials and styles to do things for me!"



"So I join Singer's Teen-Age Sewing Classes (after school or on Saturdays—for girls 12 to 16). Such fun! And my—the things I learn about cutting.. fitting.. putting together... finishing!"

"My first dress—prettier than any I've seen in the stores! (Pooh! Of course the Singer teacher helped me a lot—but now I can really make my own—all by myself!)"



"So I wear my dream-dress to our War Bond rally—and do compliments come my way! This time what I overhear is 'Who's the slick chick?'"



GIRLS!

Make your own clothes—have prettier ones—save money! Ask your Singer Sewing Center (listed in the phone book under Singer Sewing Machine Company) about specially priced Teen-Age Sewing Classes. Get your friends and sign up!

SINGER

SEWING CENTERS
EVERYWHERE

Singer Sewing Machine Company

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When writing to advertisers, please mention **CALLING ALL GIRLS**

WITH A TOUCH OF CHINA



Saucy little brunch coat...on the beam to keep you looking purtyful when lounging time comes. Solidly styled with all the novelty of chopsticks. Even if you're a novice with a needle you can stitch this brunchie up in a whiff. Of course you'll use Wesco's new *Serg-A-Med* or *Chok-A-File* the popular fabrics for lounging gear.

FREE!!

Send for the easy-to-follow instruction sheet* that shows you how to make this brunchie. It's FREE . . . all you have to do is enclose a 3¢ stamped self-addressed envelope when you write to WESCO FABRIC SERVICE, 469 Seventh Avenue, New York 18, N. Y. . . . and please print! Sorry this offer is good in the United States only.

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GUERRILLA CHIEF

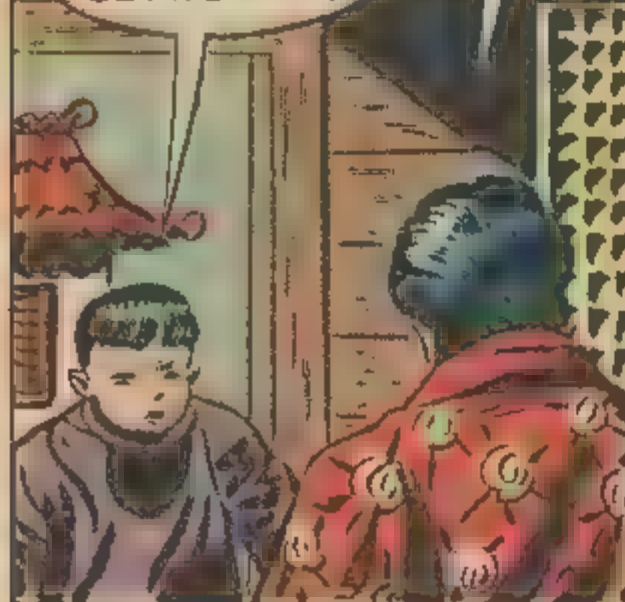


INSTEAD OF GAINING A TRUMPH, THE JAPS LOST FACE WHEN THEY CAPTURED THE NOTED AND GREATLY FEARED CHINESE GUERRILLA CHIEF, LIANG KING-FU—A TRUE STORY

ONCE CHINA WAS AT PEACE—BUT IN AUGUST, 1937, THE ARROGANT JAPS STAGED A VICTORY PARADE ONE OF LIANG KING-FU'S SONS RUSHED TO TELL HER THE NEWS

MOTHER, THE JAPS ARE PARADING THROUGH THE INTERNATIONAL SETTLEMENT.

THEY WOULDN'T DARE!



THE BOY DASHED TO A STORE WINDOW OVERLOOKING THE PARADE

I'LL SHOW YOU! GET OUT OF CHINA YOU JAPS!

SHOOT THAT BOY!



MOTHER, THEY'VE KILLED OUR BROTHER

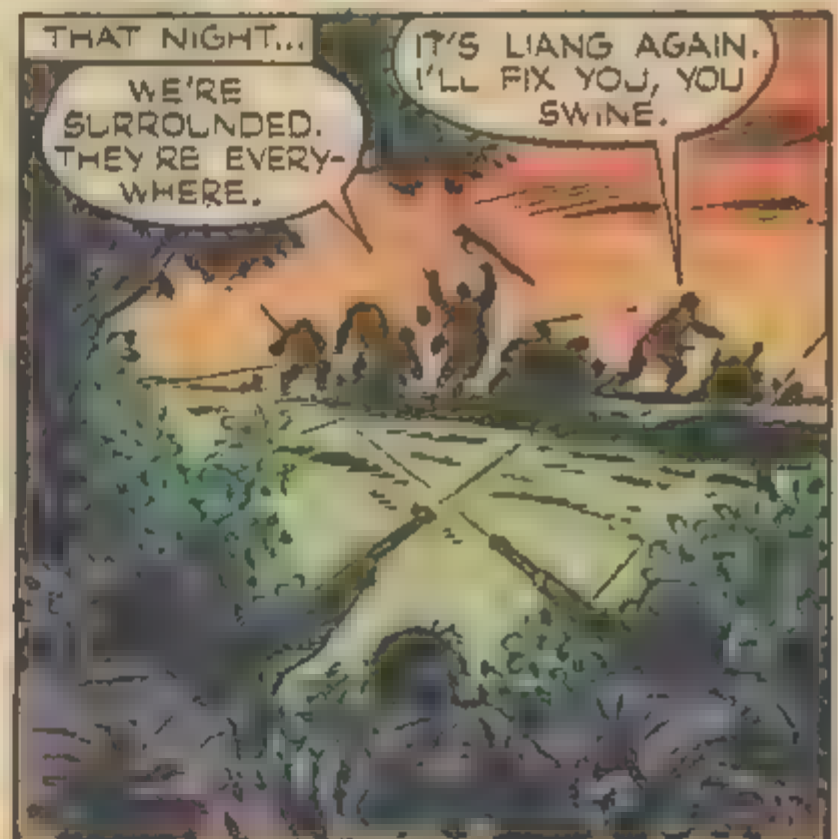
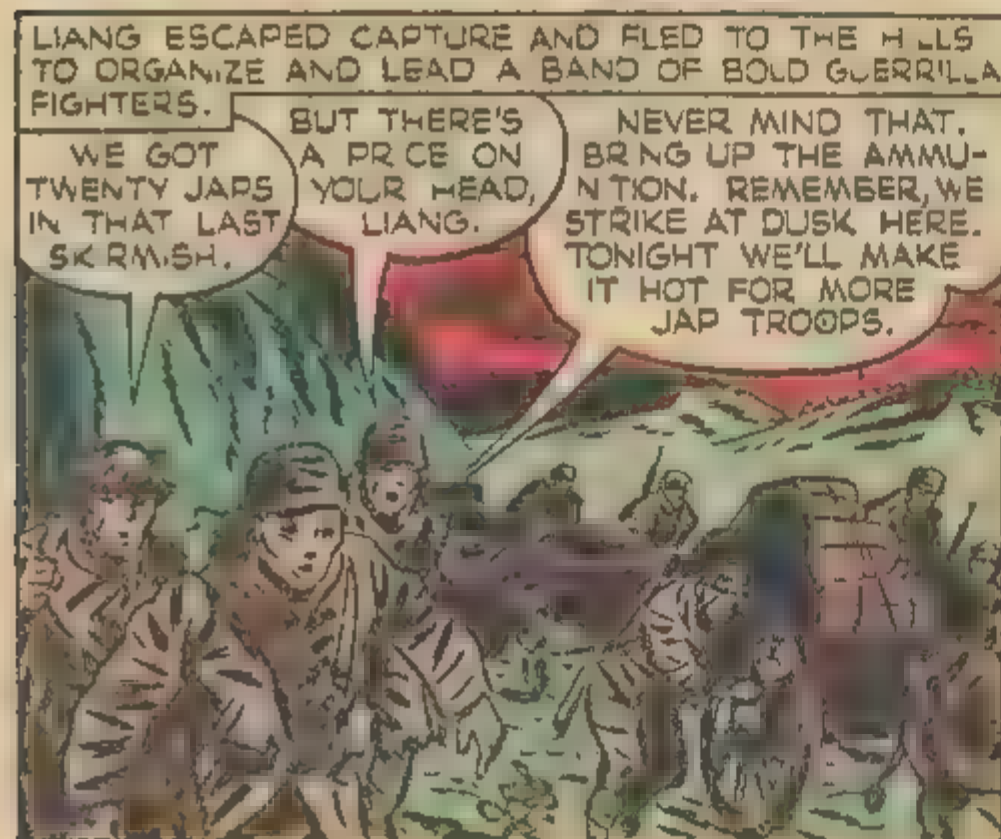
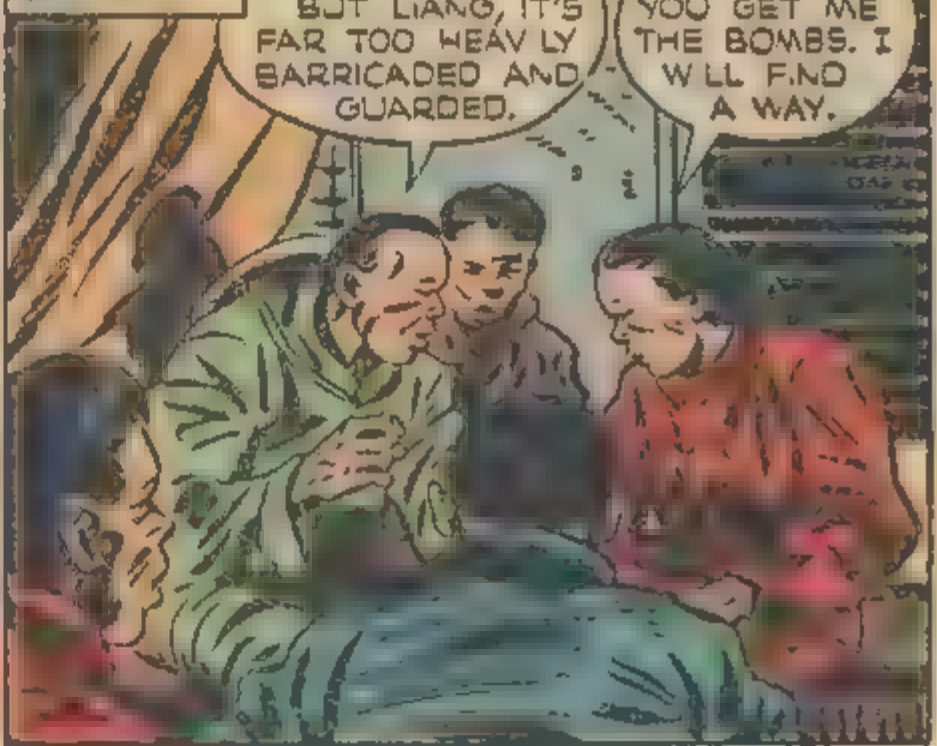
WE MUST NOT WEEP. JAPAN MEANS WAR. OUR BOY DIED FOR CHINA.



SOON AFTERWARD, TWO OTHER SONS OF LIANG KING-FU JOINED THE CHINESE ARMY.



MOTHER LIANG PLOTTED DESTRUCTION OF THE JAP NAVAL LANDING PARTY HEADQUARTERS IN SHANGHAI.



BACK AT JAP HEADQUARTERS...

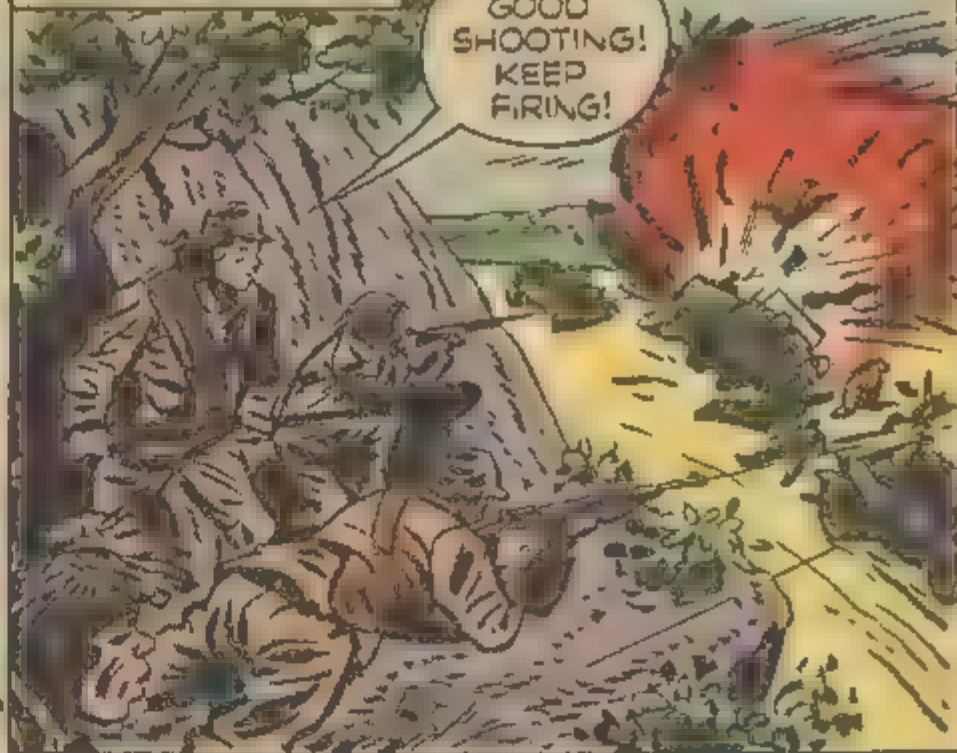
HE'S CUNNING,
STRIKES AT MOST
UNEXPECTED TIMES.
WE CANNOT
CATCH HIM.

YOU HAVE YOUR
ORDERS. GET GUERRILLA
CHIEF LIANG AT ALL
COSTS.



FOR TWO MORE YEARS LIANG LED HER BAND IN
DARING EXPLOITS.

GOOD
SHOOTING!
KEEP
FIRING!

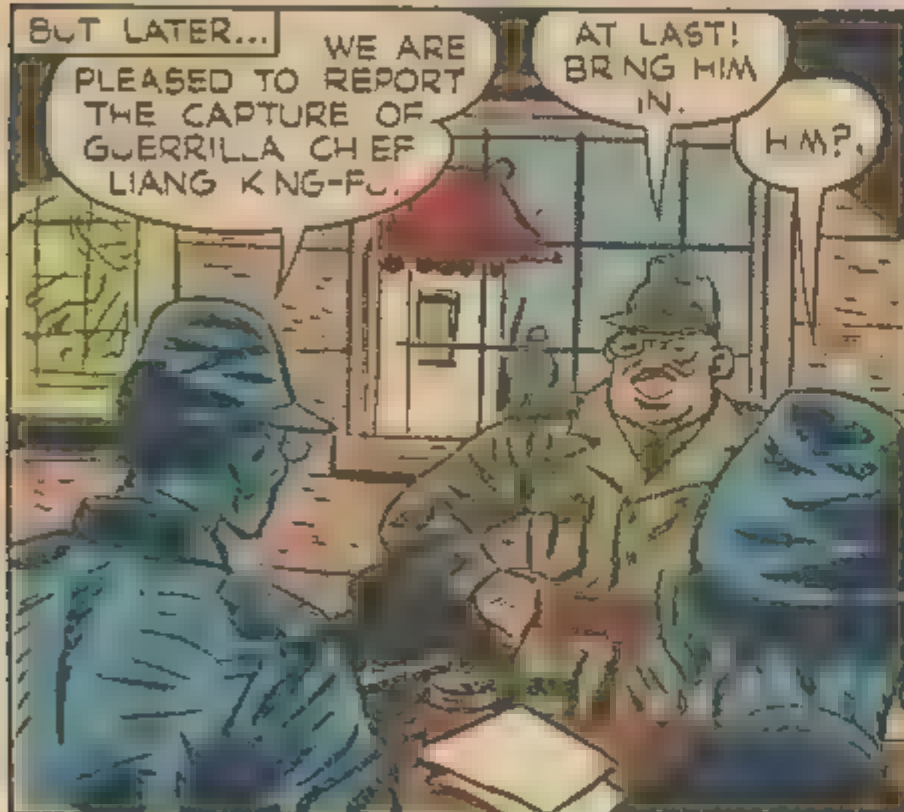


BUT LATER...

WE ARE
PLEASED TO REPORT
THE CAPTURE OF
GUERRILLA CHIEF
LIANG KNG-FU.

AT LAST!
BRING HIM
IN.

H.M.?

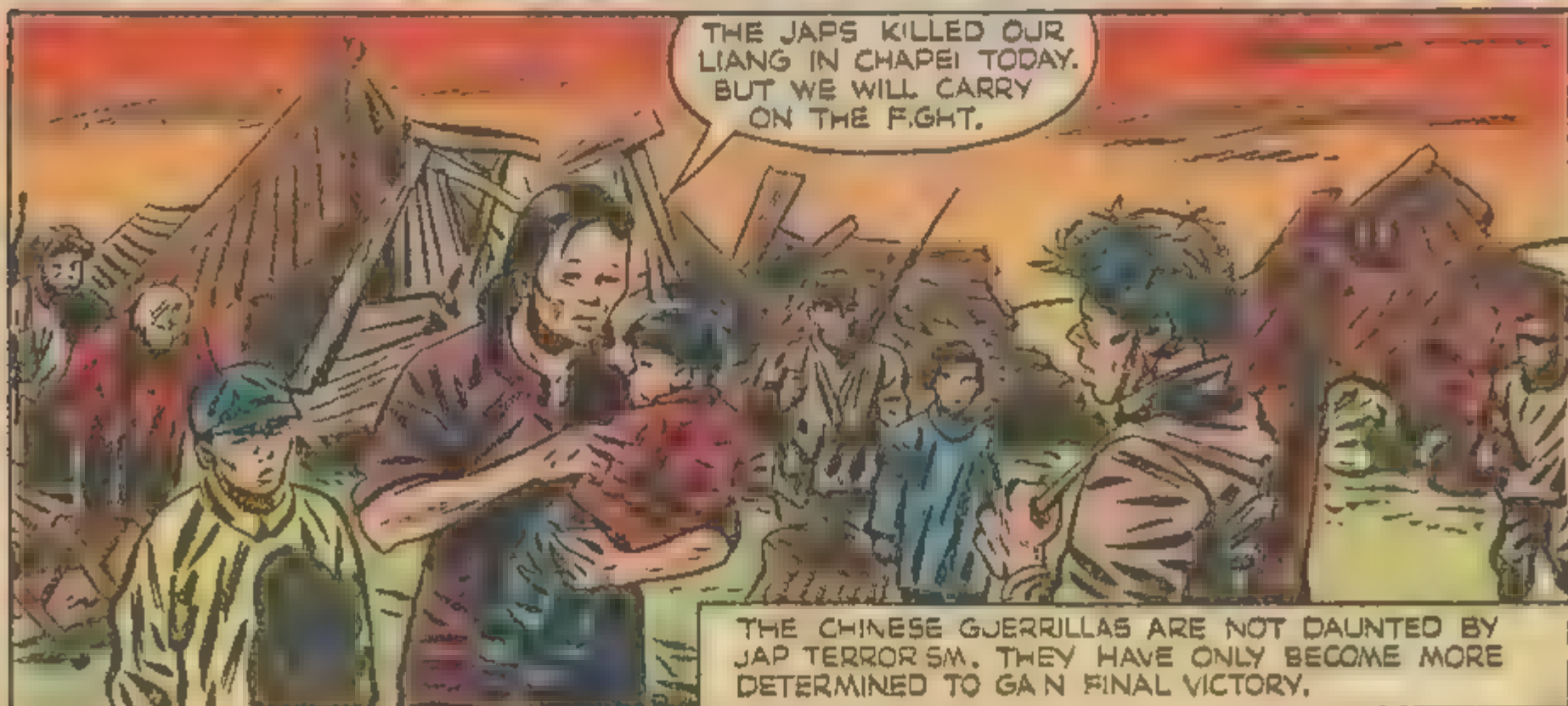


A WOMAN: BAH!
HOW CAN WE SAVE
FACE?

WE WILL MAKE AN
EXAMPLE OF HER.
WE'LL TEACH THESE
CH NESE A
LESSON.



THE JAPS KILLED OUR
LIANG IN CHAPEI TODAY.
BUT WE WILL CARRY
ON THE FIGHT.



THE CHINESE GUERRILLAS ARE NOT DAUNTED BY
JAP TERROR SM. THEY HAVE ONLY BECOME MORE
DETERMINED TO GAIN FINAL VICTORY.

Heroes Are Cowards

Roger had medals to prove he was brave when facing bullets. It took a girl to prove he also had the courage to face the future

By KARIN ASBRAND

NATALIE DUDLEY had thought having Roger home again would be wonderful, but now that he was home it wasn't wonderful at all. She had lived for the moment when she could show off her hero brother and boast a bit to the gang about his medals. But he kept to his room, while his medals, even the silver star which Natalie thought was the nicest of them all, were locked in his bureau drawer away from prying eyes.

The whole house seemed different. It was so quiet you were almost afraid to think for fear someone would hear you. Mother went about like a

ghost of her former self, always pausing to pin a mechanical smile on her face before entering Roger's room—as though it mattered when he couldn't even see it.

"Give him time!" Natalie's father kept insisting.

Time! He had already had a whole week, and he refused to see anyone except the family, even Leona who had been his heartthrob for ages. Natalie had hoped there would be a church wedding with Leona in filmy white and orange blossoms crowning her very blond hair, like a lovely magazine-cover bride. Of course there would be crossed swords and lots of

uniforms. And Natalie as the youngest bridesmaid.

Tiptoeing up the front stairs with Roger's breakfast tray, Natalie let her feet drag her toward his room. He was still in bed, and made no motion as she softly opened the door and gently set the tray on his bedside table.

She backed away toward the door when he barked, "I hear you! What time is it?"

"Almost eight," she said. "Here's your breakfast, Rodge. Shall I—do you want me to..."

"Feed me? No!" he rasped back. "I still have two good hands."

"You're crazy, Rodge." She tried to steady her voice. "You're tops."

He groaned. "Then why that pity in your voice!" Raising himself on one elbow, he felt awkwardly along the tray. "A blind man feeling his way through life."

Natalie almost swallowed the lump in her throat. She spread his napkin across his chest, but she could hardly see the tray for the tears in her eyes.

"The doctor said you would probably see," she gulped. "You told me so."

"That Army doc was full of blarney. He sliced the baloney thick to make me feel good."

She took the egg from his shaking fingers and cracked it neatly into the dish. She set his coffee within easy reach. But his elbow knocked it over. With a gasp of dismay she watched the brown stream spread itself over the white sheet in an ugly stain. Roger buried his face in his hands. Hard sobs racked his frame.

"Get out," he cried, "and leave me alone!"

"I'll get Mother," said Natalie, and fled.

Back at her own breakfast she tried to gulp down a few crumbs of muffin with big swallows of milk, but it all stuck in



"We need powder," Natalie said, and dashed into the bathroom from which she appeared with a can of scented talc.

her throat. She was relieved when Tess yoo-hooed outside the window.

"Be right out," she yelled, and ran for her school bag. "This sure is a queer world," she confided a few minutes later on the way to school.

"It sure is," agreed Tess without even asking why because they had been just like that with each other since Tess moved next door four months ago.

"Gee," Natalie rambled on, "the Army sends Rodge home because the doctors thought we could do more for him at this stage, and what happens? We make him worse, that's what."

Tess turned radiant eyes on her friend. "You know my sister Kay who's been with the Red Cross in England?" she said. "She's been discharged. She's coming home today."

"The one with the red hair and freckles who makes you want to laugh?"

"Yup, that's Kay. Will we have fun with her home! Say, what's eating Leona? She didn't even speak to you."

"I know it." Both girls turned to stare at the pretty girl striding down the street, her small, beautifully groomed head held high. "Her feelings are hurt," Natalie guessed. "Rodge snubbed her when he first came home. He told her to run along and leave him alone."

"That's what she's doing," said Tess sagely, as a car stopped at the curb and Leona got into it. "That's Ted Webling's car. She runs around with him a lot. What she sees in him I wouldn't know. He sure thinks he is somebody."

"I hate him!" As she thought of Roger, Natalie's cheeks flamed. "It isn't fair. Roger gets wounded fighting for freedom while that windbag stays home and steals his girl."

"No, but I wouldn't waste my feelings on that Ted Webling."

"You would if you'd seen

"I'll help her," said a gruff voice behind them. They all looked up, startled. There stood Roger.



Rodge this morning," complained Natalie. "If only we could help him. He really is awfully brave. If it hadn't been for him it would have been curtains for nine other fellows. But, Tess—he even cried this morning."

"Aw, well, heroes are such cowards about small things," Tess consoled her, "but not in the face of danger. Maybe we can think of something before the day is over."

But when the closing bell rang neither of them had thought of a thing. Natalie hated to go home. It was so gloomy now. Mother had even muffled the telephone and the doorbell because Roger hated to hear them ring, and when people came to call they were hustled into the living room where they talked in low tones.

Tess, Dick Drew, and Bert Merrill, next oldest in line to Tess, were waiting for Natalie after school. They always had good times, but now thoughts

of Roger kept intruding so much on Natalie's mind that she could not enter into their gaiety.

"What's the matter?" Bert asked finally. "You're like an oyster, Nat. Still glumming over your brother?"

She nodded, her eyes pools of utter misery.

"Well, look," he suggested. "I'll bet my sister Kay could work wonders with him. She's one of those people who make folks feel good when they don't, if you know what I mean."

"A therapist," offered Dick, helpfully.

"Yeah."

"She couldn't do any good," said Natalie. "He wouldn't even see her."

"We could use strategy."

"Okay. So you work out a plan."

"Come on in now and meet Kay," persisted Bert. "Then Tess could go home with you to do homework. Then you think of some way to get

Kay over there. Tess could get sick or something so then Kay would have to go over."

Natalie giggled. "Look at her," she objected. "Tess is too healthy."

"Well, your brother can't see that."

Natalie's face clouded. Bert patted her hand with awkward solicitude, as they all went into the Merrill kitchen. The rest of the eight young Merrills were there, cluttered around one of the most vivacious girls Natalie had ever met. Her contagious laugh was carried along in waves to everyone near her. She was busily stirring icing in a yellow mixing bowl. Her handling of the spoon seemed strange to Natalie, and then she realized what it was.

"She's left-handed," Natalie murmured, half aloud.

"She is now," Tess whispered back. "She was wounded. She won't be able to use her right hand again; but she has never mentioned it, so we don't."

"She would be good for Rodge," mused Natalie, as they wandered back into the hall.

"Well, let's try Bert's plan. But how'll we get Kay to come over to your house?"

"Let's go over and think. Maybe we'll find a way."

Mrs. Dudley, busy in her bedroom, put a finger against her lips as the girls went by.

"Hush," she cautioned, "Roger is asleep. Don't wake him. He had such a bad night."

"See what I mean?" sighed Natalie, as they hurried into her room.

"Jeepers creepers!" exploded Tess under her breath. "You have to snap him out of it somehow. We've just got to get Kay over here."

"Sure. But how?" Natalie was busy changing her skirt for her favorite slacks. "Could you faint?"

"Faint! I wouldn't know how. I never fainted in my life."

"Oh, that's easy. Look." Natalie swooned in her best mid-

Victorian manner, draping herself artistically across a chair. "There," she said. "That's all there is to it."

Tess gave an irrepressible giggle. "Most fainters don't have a chair handy," she snickered. "Where would I faint?"

"Out in the hall is the best place, outside Roger's door. We'll take this chair out."

They tiptoed out, lugging the chair along between them, and set it carefully against the wall.

"Now, faint," she commanded. "But fast, before we change our minds."

Tess dropped her bulky little being across the chair. "Not so good," she moaned, "I guess I really look too healthy."

"Powder," Natalie said, and dashed into the bathroom from which she appeared with a can of scented talc. She generously sprinkled Tess, and transformed her into a living ghost. "Now you'll do. I'll phone Kay."

She replaced the talc and made for the stairs. She had

gone down only two steps when her foot caught in the carpet. Wildly she clutched at the banister, but missed, and went bumpety-bump down the whole flight, landing in a crumpled heap at the bottom. Tess, after one shriek, got there almost as fast as Natalie did. So did Mrs. Dudley.

"Oh, my ankle!" groaned Natalie. "I guess it's broken."

"Now I have to get Kay anyway," gulped Tess.

"Yes, get her," said Mrs. Dudley, "whoever she is. Get somebody."

"She's a nurse," Tess informed her. "At least something like a nurse."

"Lie still, dear," cautioned Mrs. Dudley, as Natalie tried to sit up, "until she comes, and then we'll get Dr. Morgan."

Kay came flying over.

"I don't believe anything is broken," said she, feeling capably of the injured member. "But I think you have a bad sprain. Think you could manage the couch if I help you?"

"I'll help her," said a gruff voice behind them.

They all looked up, startled. There stood Roger, still as a statue.

"I know this house like a book. I can carry her, if I have to."

"Thanks," said Kay.

Roger stooped to lift Natalie in his arms, and Kay guided him by the elbow to the living room where he deposited her very carefully on the davenport.

"I'll bet it hurts, Nat," his voice soothed her.

"Nope," she fibbed glibly, winking back the tears.

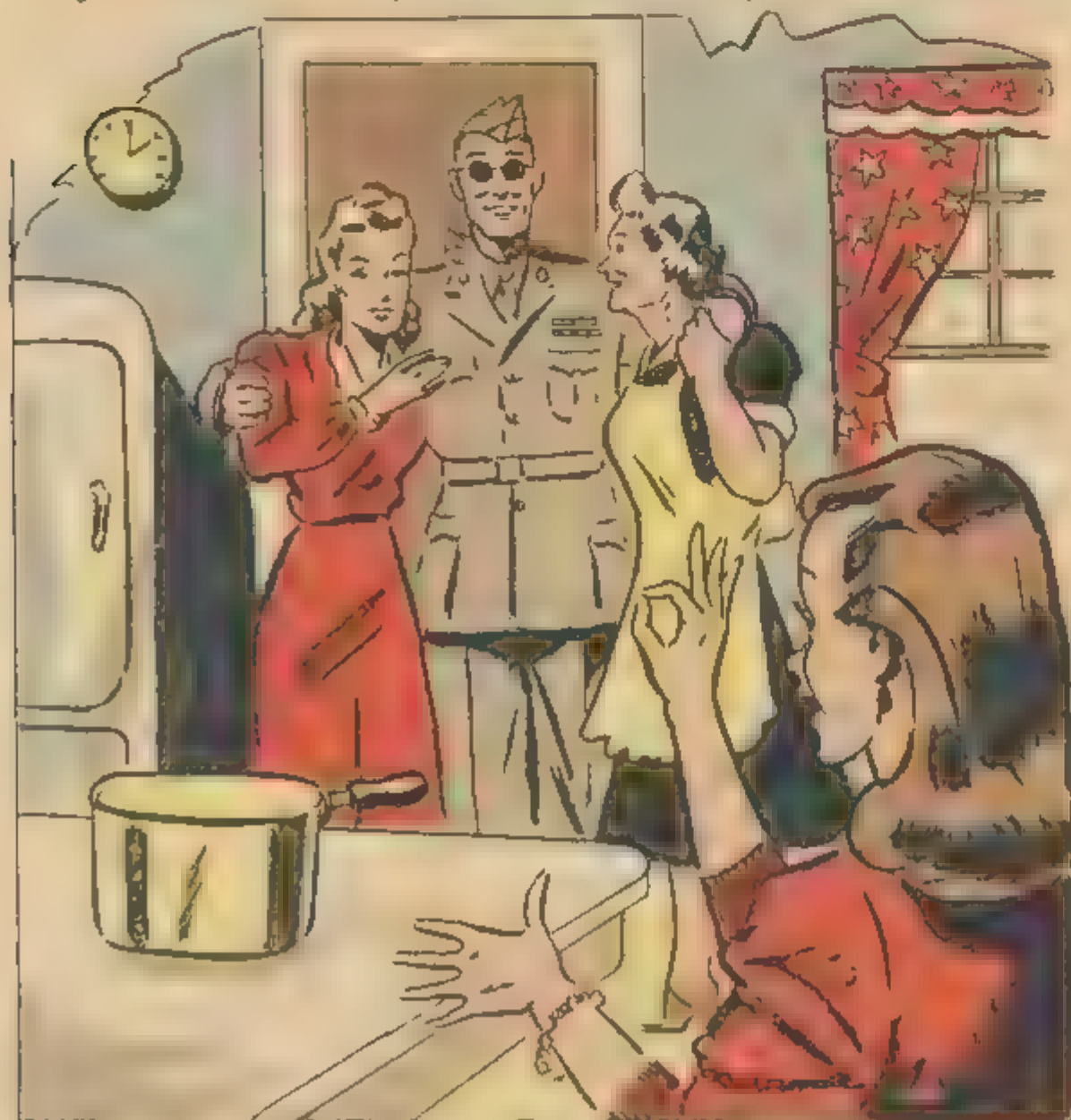
Deftly Kay tended to the ankle. "You'd better have an X-ray," she advised.

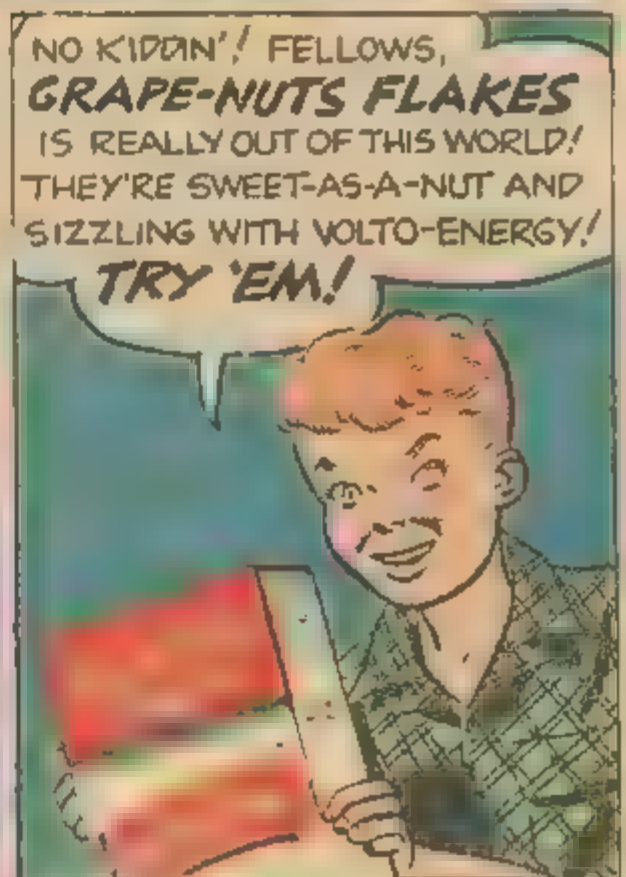
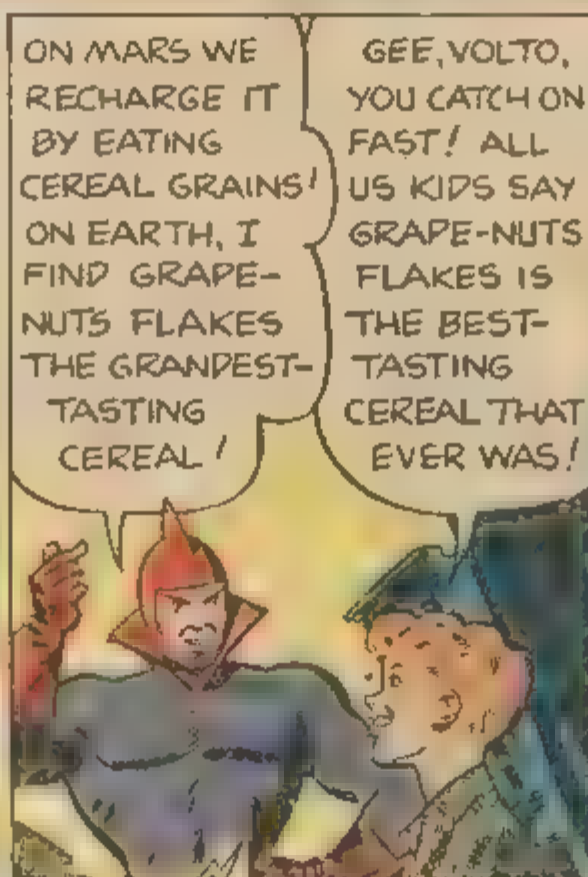
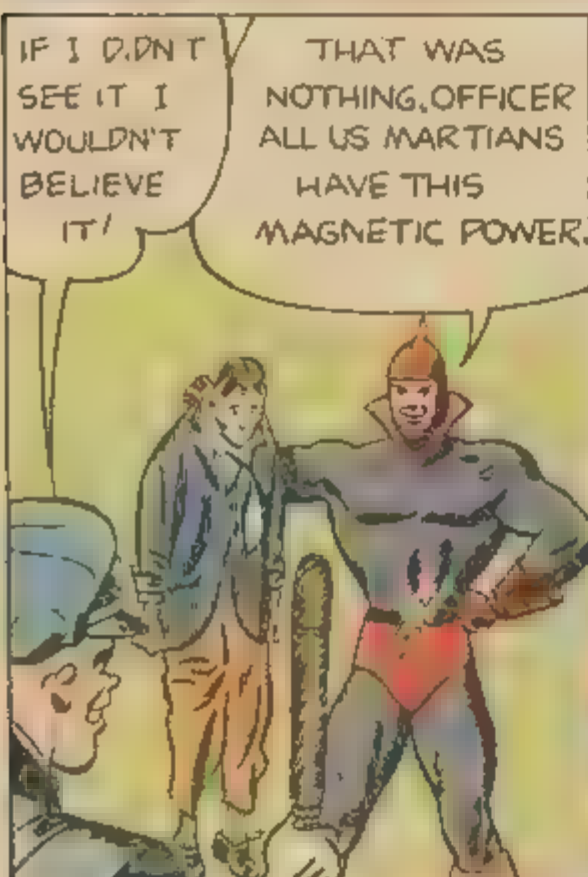
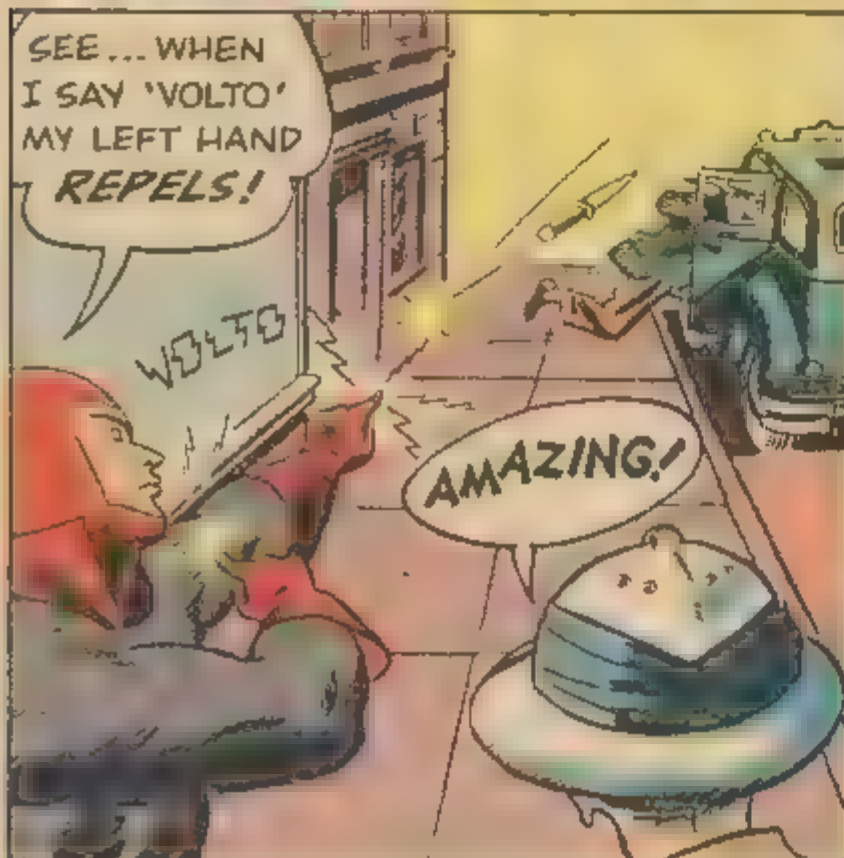
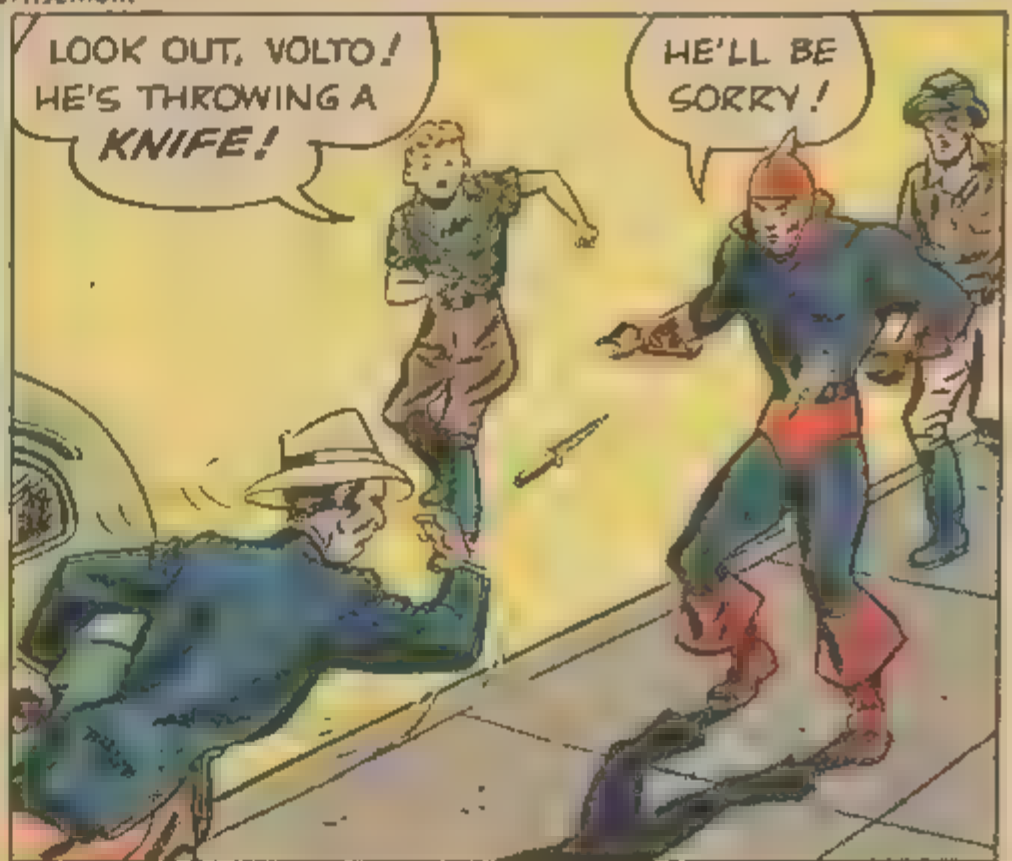
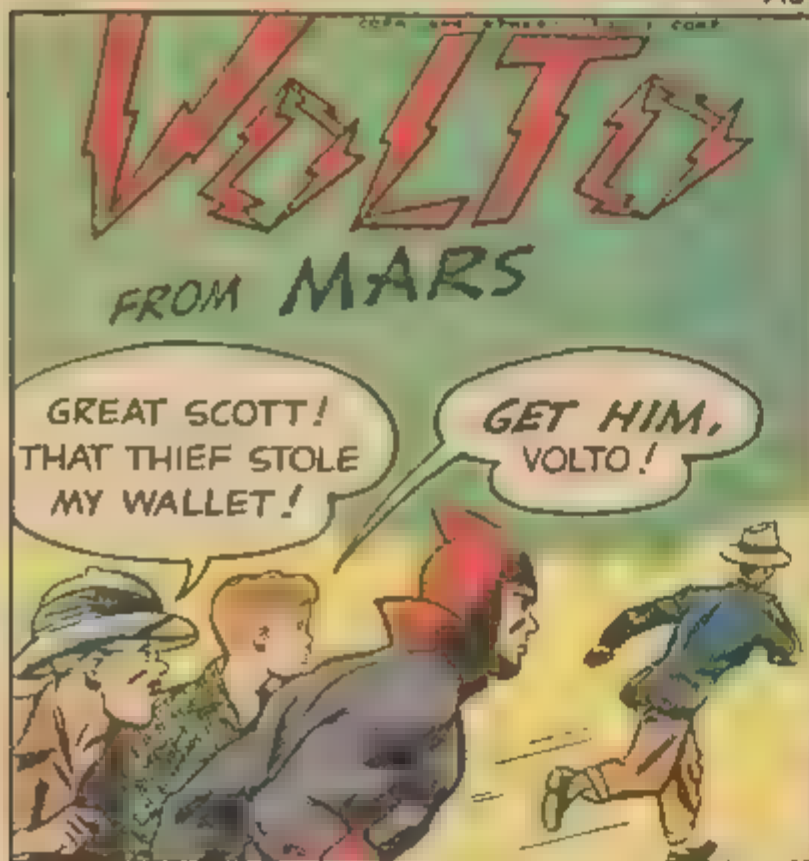
"I guess you're right," agreed Natalie's mother. "Now I'll make some cocoa. We'll have an impromptu party. Wouldn't you like that, Natalie?"

"Like old times," glowed Natalie, studying Roger's face intently. He looked quite impassive under the bandages. She could not tell whether he liked the idea or not, and everybody

(Continued on page 34)

Roger came into the kitchen, one arm around his mother, the other around Leona.





HEROES ARE COWARDS

(Continued from page 32)

seemed to be ignoring him, even Kay.

"Why don't you run over and get my cake, Tess?" suggested Kay. "I just finished frosting it."

Tess ran off. Kay helped Mrs. Dudley make the cocoa.

Roger said, "I'm going upstairs, Nat."

"Please, Rodge." She caught his hand, but he shook her off.

"I don't like people any more," he muttered.

Kay was suddenly at his elbow. "Well, they don't like you, either," she told him firmly, "when you act like a spoiled baby, so you might as well go upstairs. I'll carry your cup up for you."

He flinched as though she had struck him, and his face flushed a dull red. Natalie held her breath. She thought Kay was being much too harsh, but Roger merely said, "I'll stay." He took the cup from Kay's hand, and, feeling his way back to the davenport, sat down gingerly on the edge of it. Kay hurried away without another word.

"This is more like it," thought Natalie, happily. "Isn't Kay wonderful?" she exulted, aloud.

"How do I know?" he said, crossly. "I can't see her."

"Well, you can hear her, can't you?"

"See what I found," caroled Tess from the door, "besides the cake."

It was Leona, standing uncertainly in the doorway, until Tess gave her a little shove toward the davenport so that she almost landed in Roger's lap.

"Hi, Rodge," she said then, a little shyly.

"Hi, pest," he answered, holding out a hand to steady her, but Natalie saw that he kept one ear cocked in the direction of Kay's gay banter.

Even though her ankle bothered her a bit, Natalie regarded it with fond affection all during the next week. Kay came over

for a while every day. Roger seemed to forget himself in the pleasure of her company. The house returned gradually to normal. Roger came downstairs to his meals as a matter of course.

"Don't help him any more than you have to," warned Kay.

MY LITTLE CAT

By MARGARET MacLEAN

Fifteen Years Old

My little cat looked like a witch
Last night:

Her eyes were narrow and bright
Like green flames;
She snarled, and her mouth was
wide and cruel,
With white teeth
Curved like ivory knives toward her
red tongue.

My little cat looks like a jewel
Today:

Her eyes are wide and clear
Like amber pools;
She purrs, and each whisker glances
and gleams
With rainbows
Reflected from a patch of sunlight
in which she sprawls.

"Let him help you instead."

So Natalie began to hobble around the house with the support of his strong arm. Once more his lips began to smile. He even cracked jokes to make everybody laugh. One day he brought down a little hand loom.

"They gave me this at the hospital," he told Kay. "Will you show me how to work it just in case, when the bandage comes off next week . . ."

Kay guided his hands while he wove the bright strands in and out, awkwardly at first, then gaining speed and skill. Suddenly he caught her hand.

"Lefty?" he teased.

"That's right," she admitted.

"She wasn't always a lefty," put in Natalie, ignoring Kay's warning signal. "That's be-

cause she was wounded, too."

Roger sat very still, his face drained of color. "I guess I've been rather a heel," he said at last, "acting as though I were the only one. Well, when the bandages come off I'll get a Seeing Eye dog. Life is pretty swell, with you in it, Kay, and Leona, and the folks and all."

But the morning he was going to see the doctor he was so jumpy and irritable Natalie had to bite her tongue to keep from saying mean things to him.

"I have to remember," she told herself, "that heroes are cowards. He's scared inside that he isn't going to be able to see when the bandages come off. But Kay says even if he can't see, he can take it."

Leona came over early to read the paper to him while he dallied with his breakfast, scarcely touching a mouthful.

"Ready, son?" said Mrs. Dudley at last. "It's almost ten."

"I'm going in by myself," he blurted, gruffly. "Nobody's going with me."

"It's better that way," agreed Kay, as he left.

Kay and Leona helped Mrs. Dudley get a man-size luncheon ready for him. Natalie and Tess shelled peas. They were the first to see the cab stop and Roger step out.

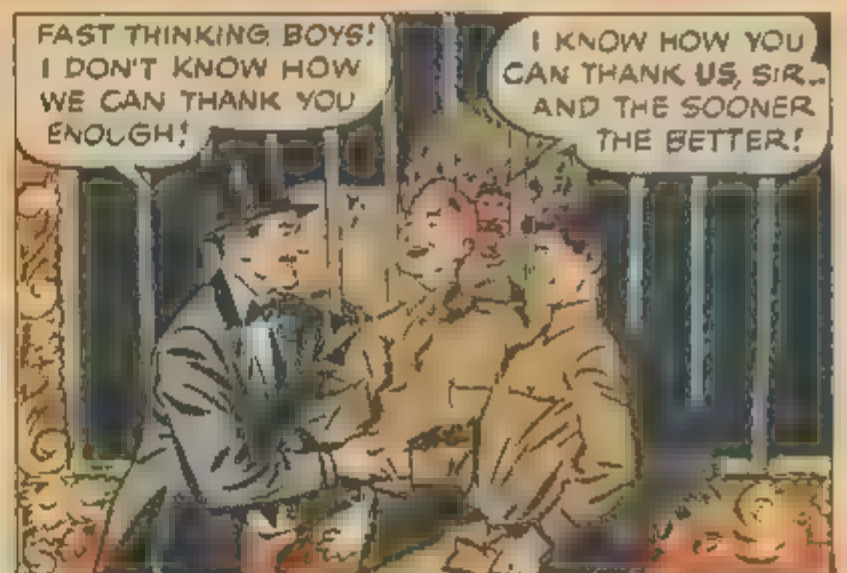
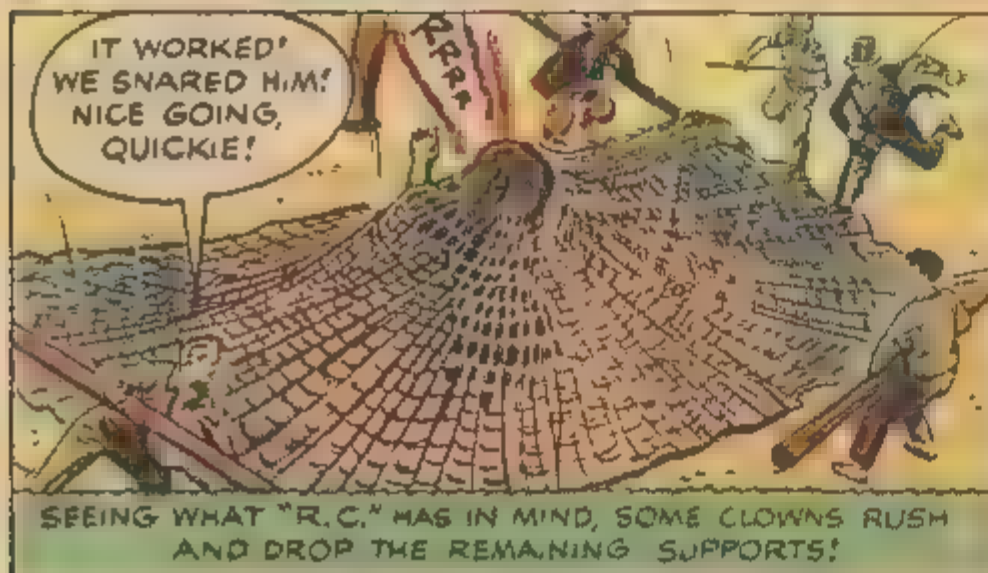
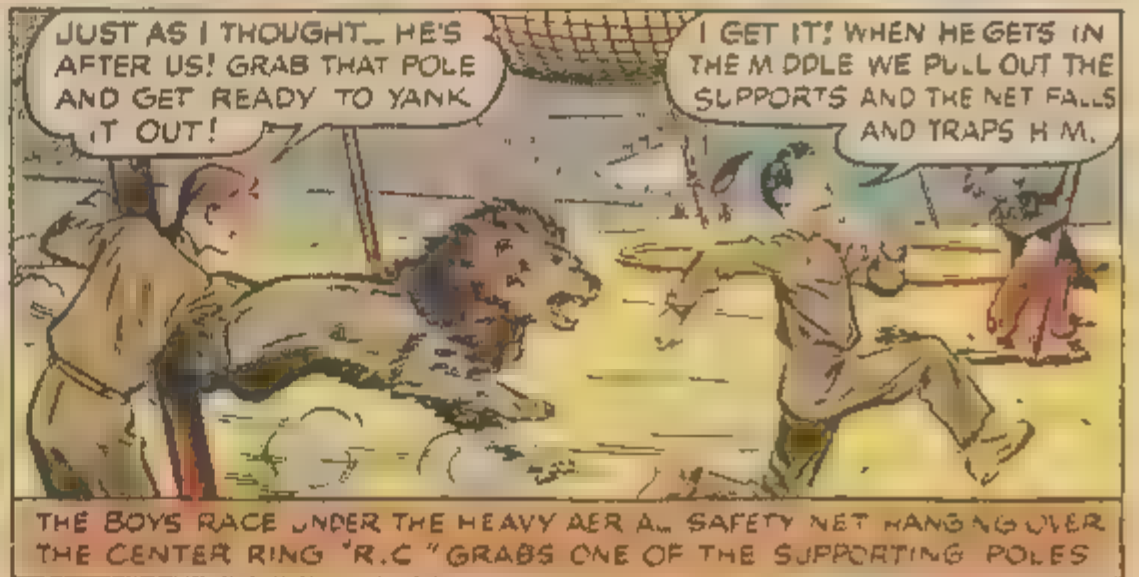
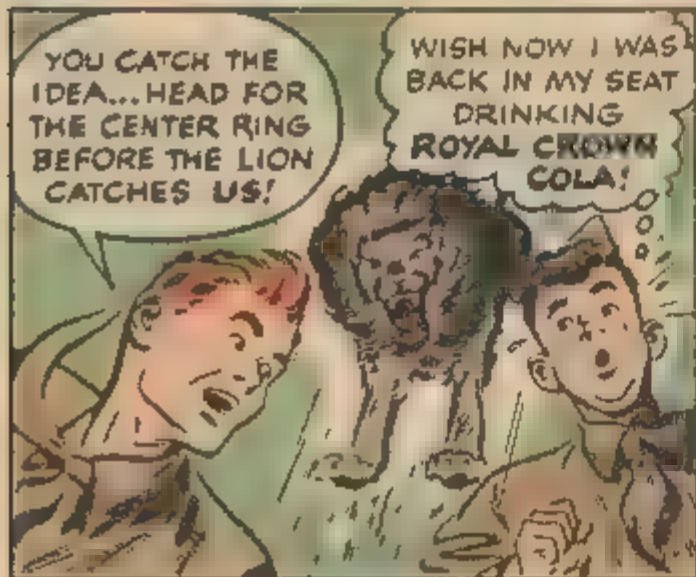
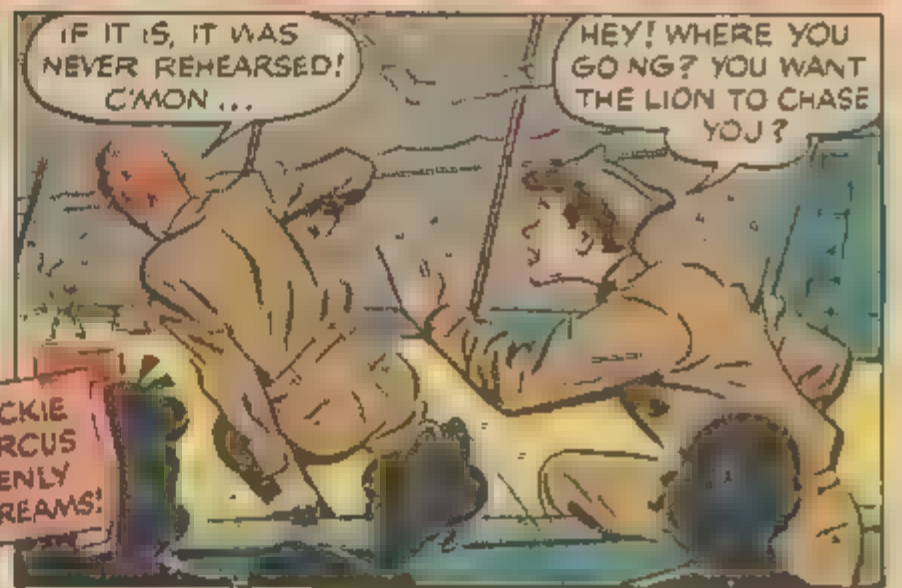
"He's counting the change," said Natalie, breathlessly. "Which means he can see!"

Mrs. Dudley, Kay, and Leona practically wrapped themselves around each other, crying, before they went to meet him.

Roger came into the kitchen, one arm around his mother, the other around Leona, whose face was lighted up as though she had a magic candle inside of her, so that Natalie, who still had dreams of a wedding with all the trimmings, didn't know now whether it would be Kay or Leona. Not that it mattered so long as there was a wedding and they lived happily ever after. And now she was quite sure that they all would.

ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

CIRCUS TERROR!



DUNCAN RENALDO SAYS:

DITTO, FELLAS! IT DOES TASTE BEST!

Sure as shootin' Royal Crown Cola tastes best!" says Duncan Renaldo. Duncan took the famous cola taste test. After trying leading colas in paper cups, he picked one as best tastin'! It was Royal Crown Cola! Try R.C. for a fresh start!

ROYAL CROWN COLA

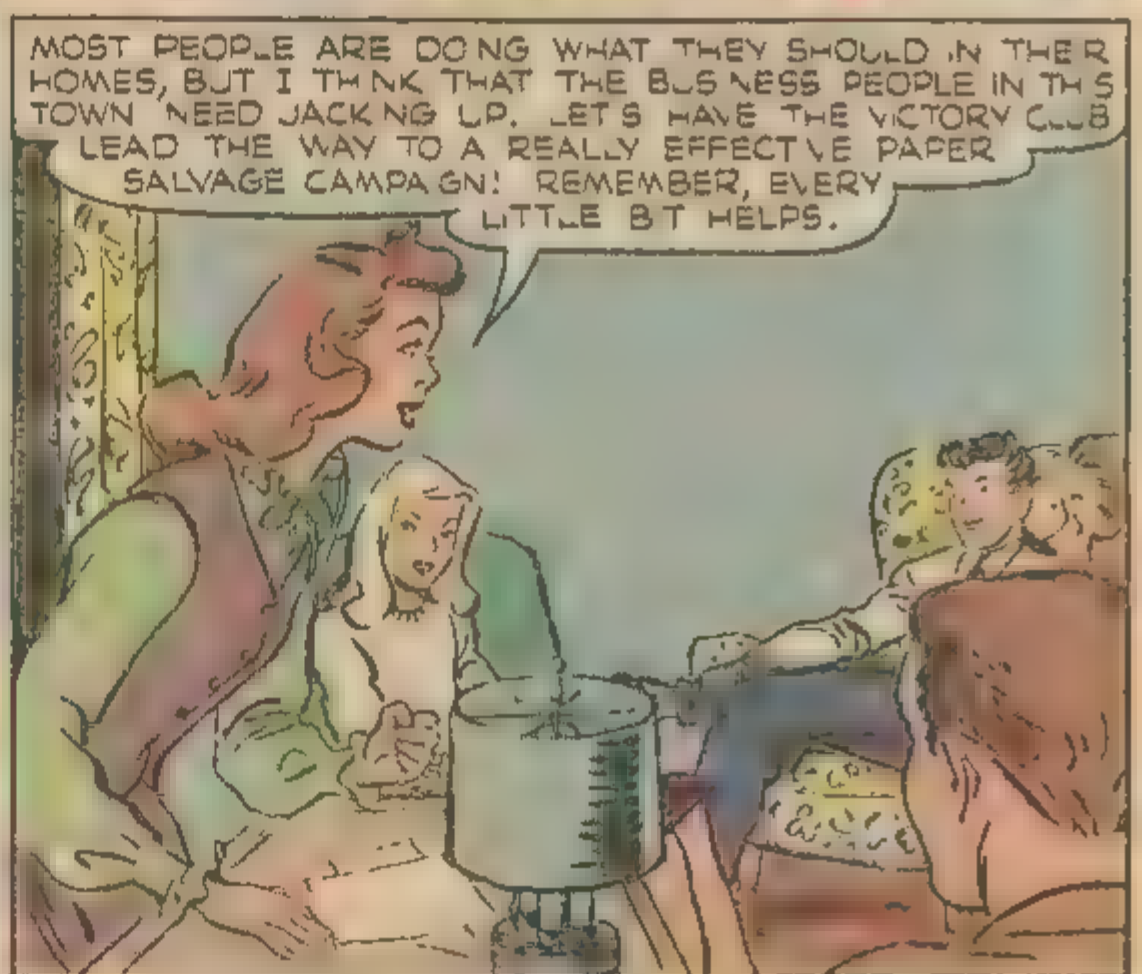
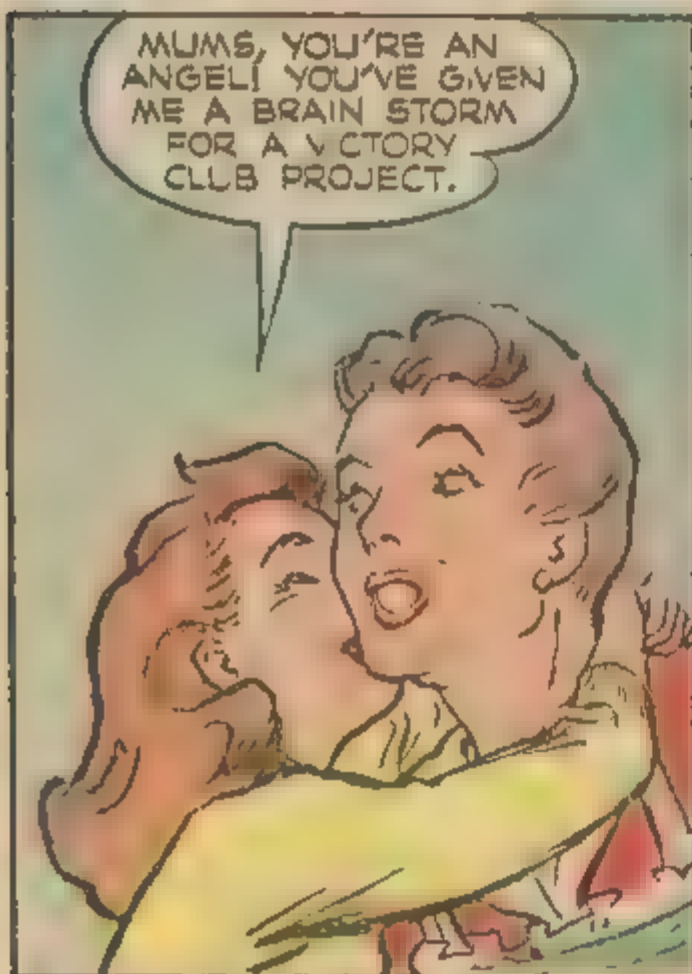
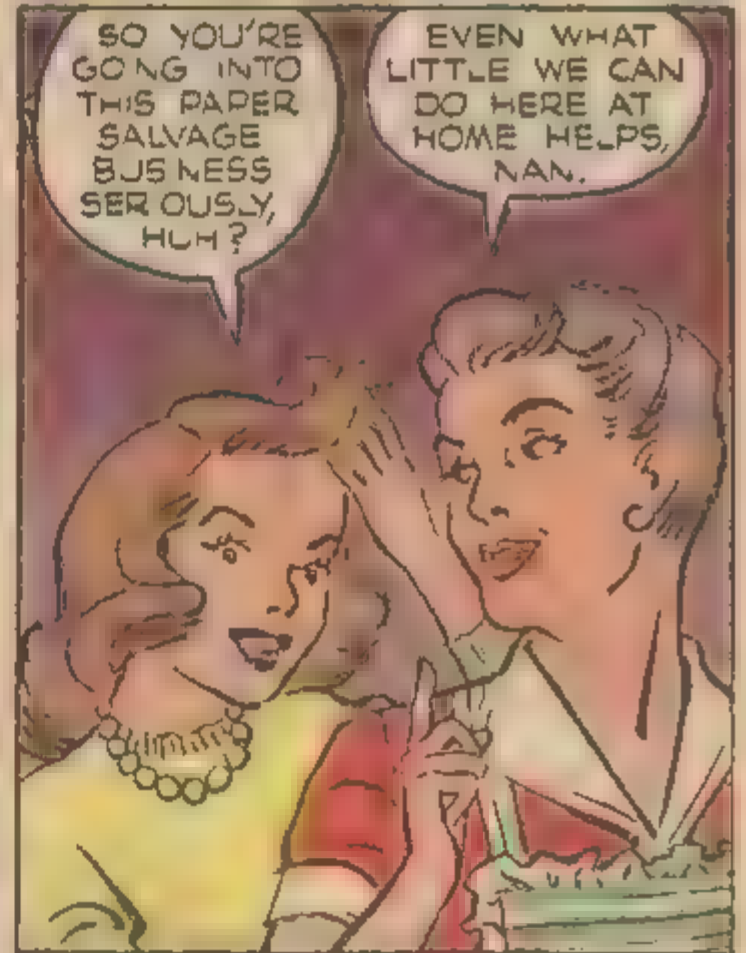
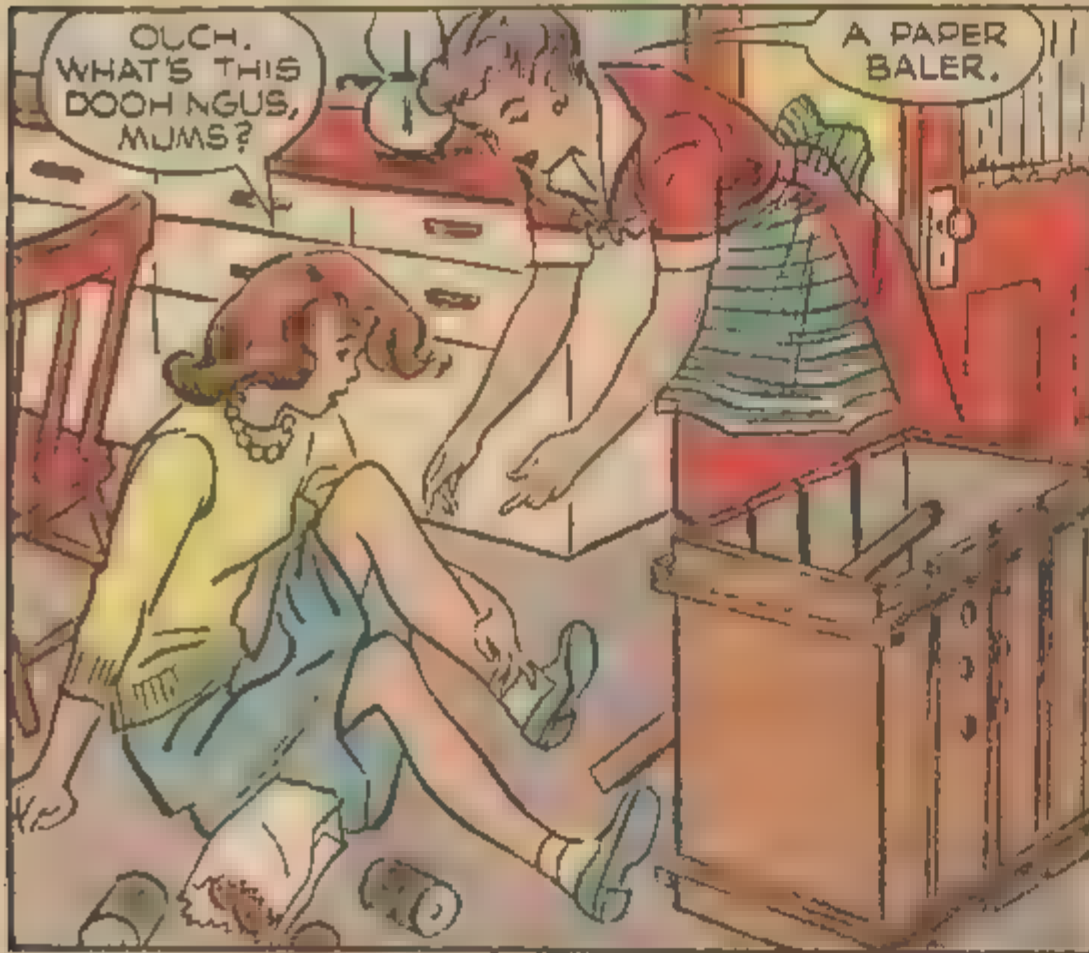
Best by Taste Test!

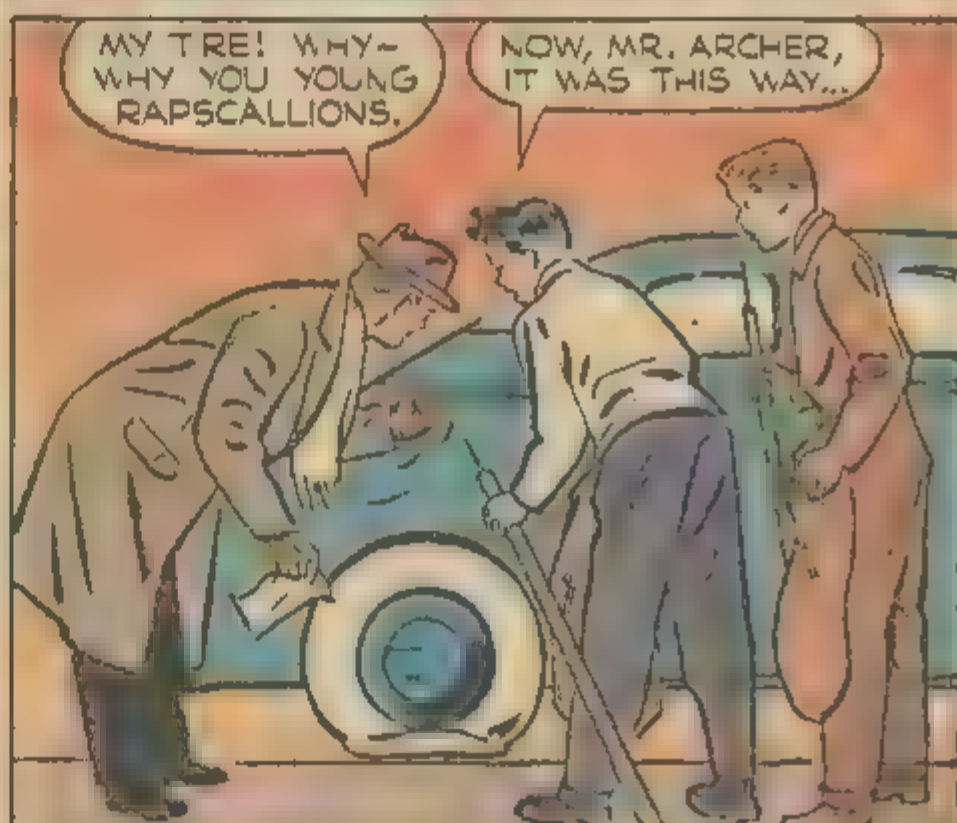
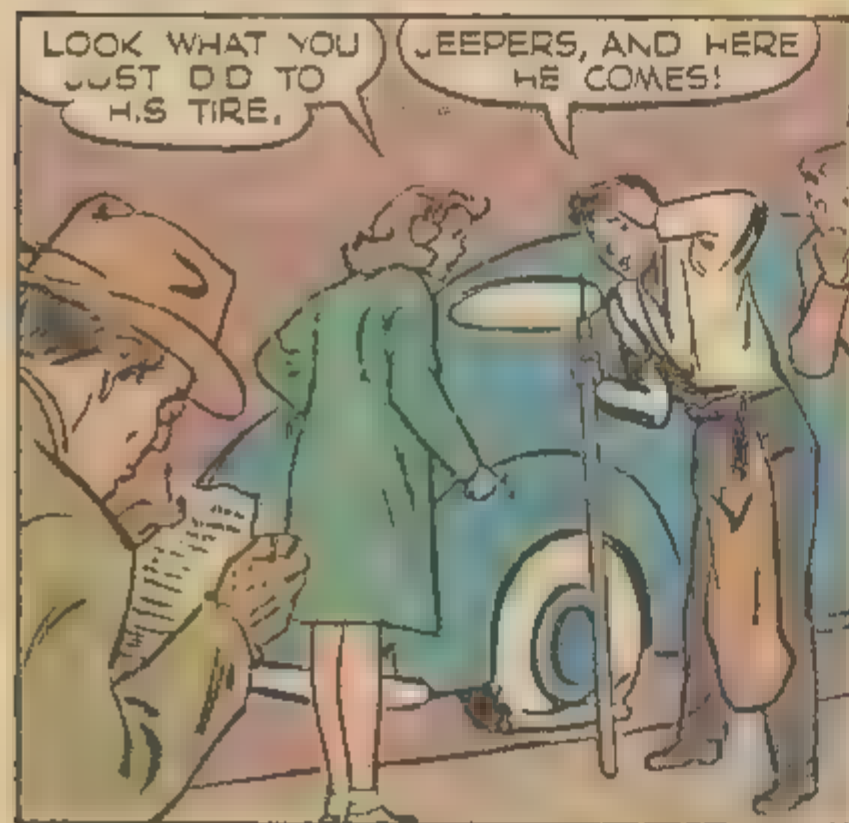
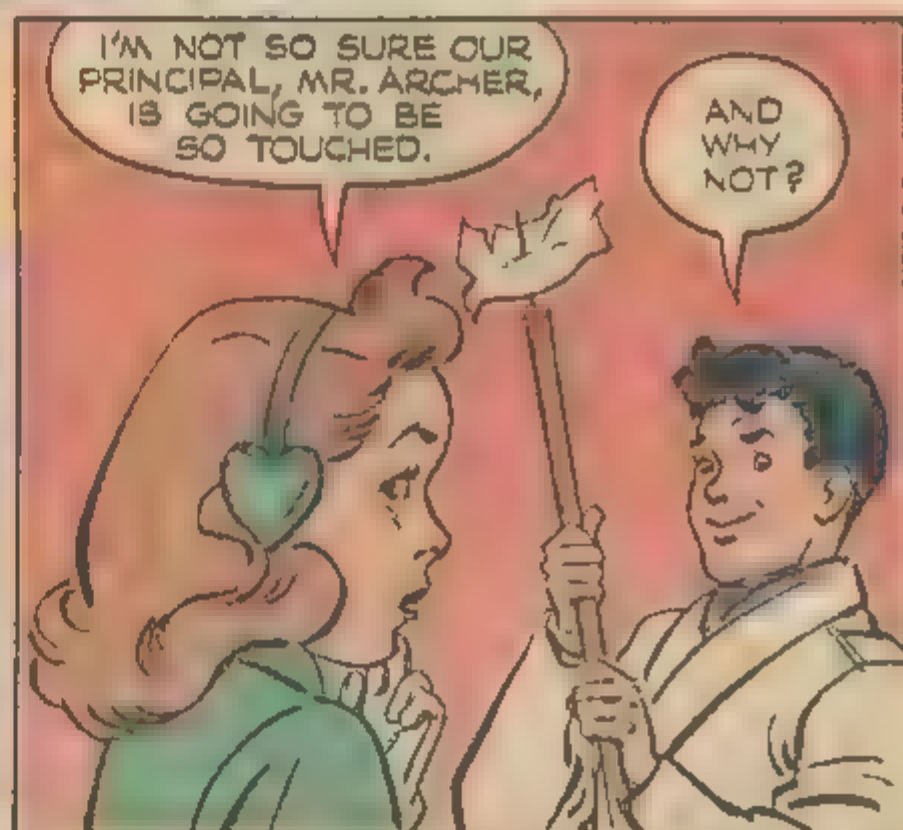
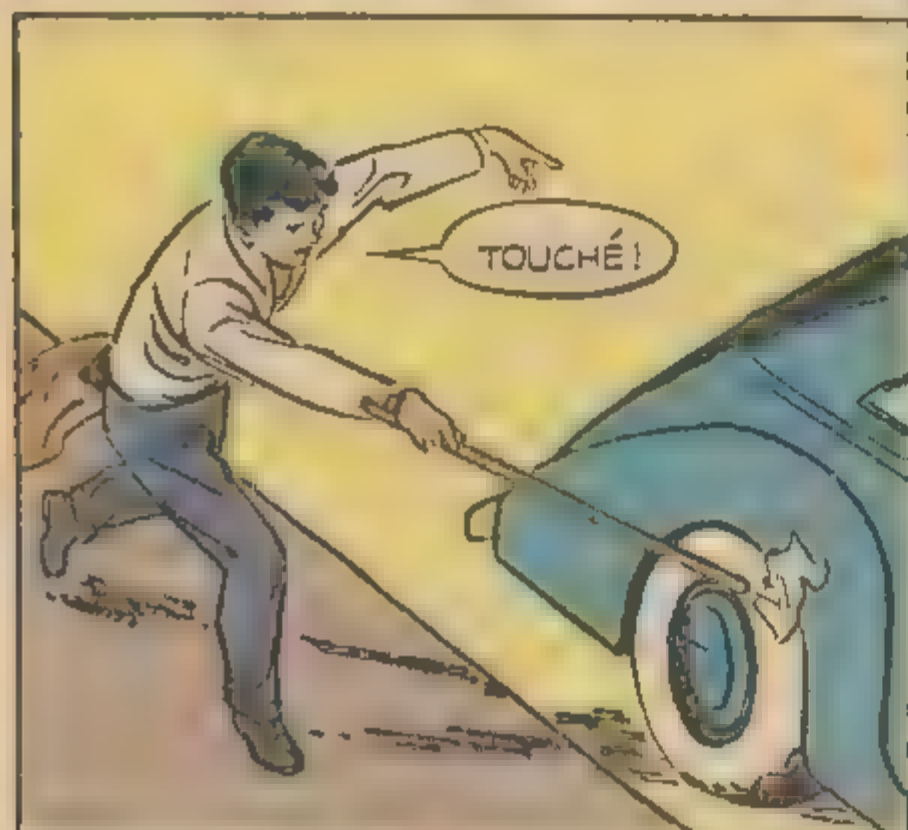
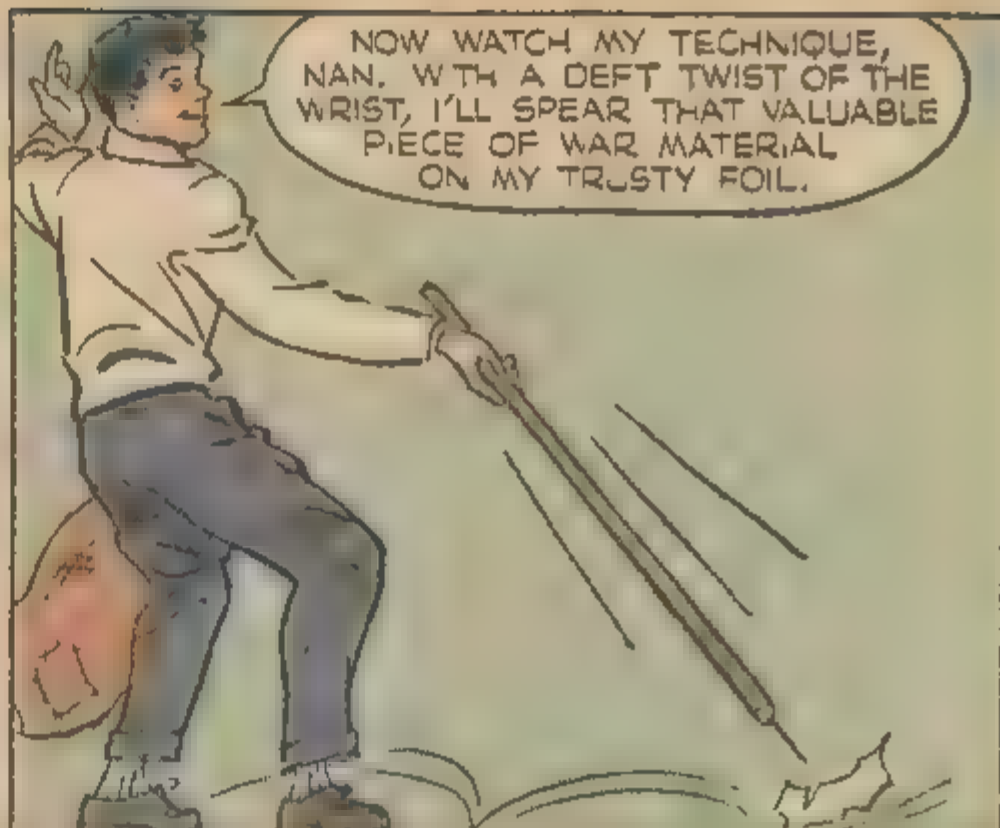
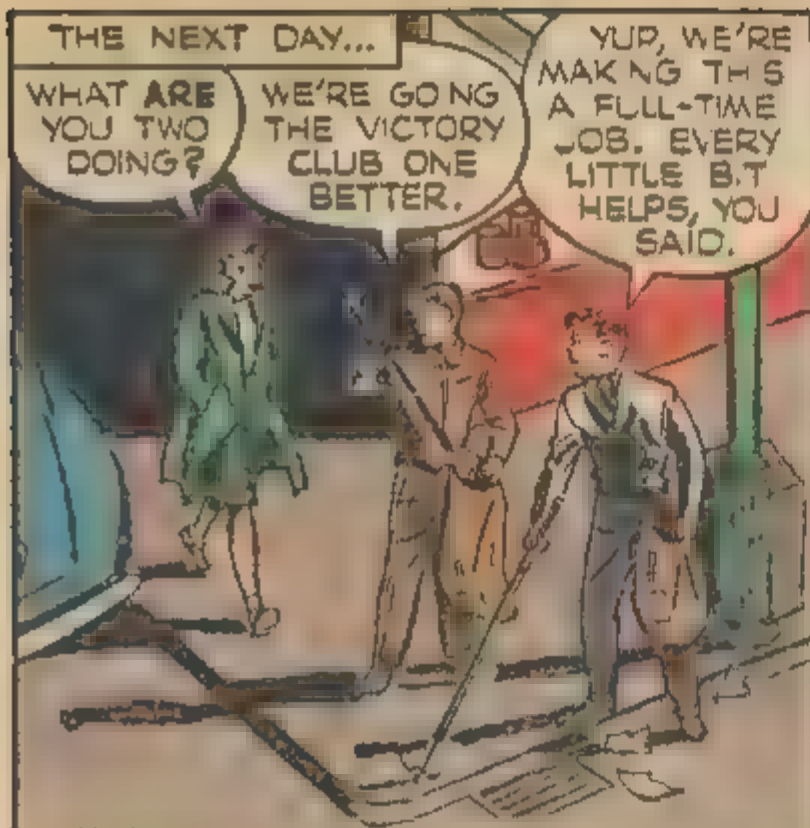
See DUNCAN RENALDO in "THE CISCO KID RETURNS" A MONOGRAM Picture

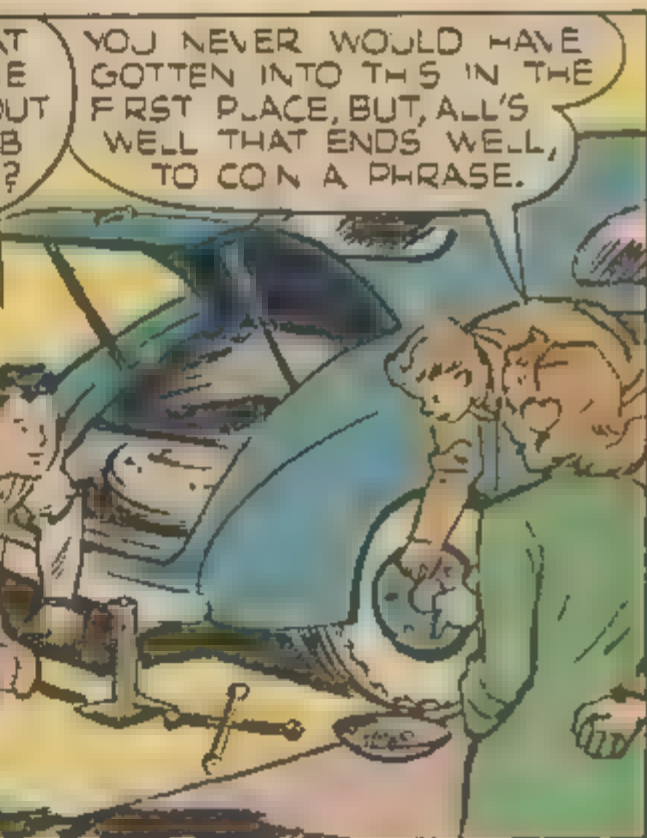
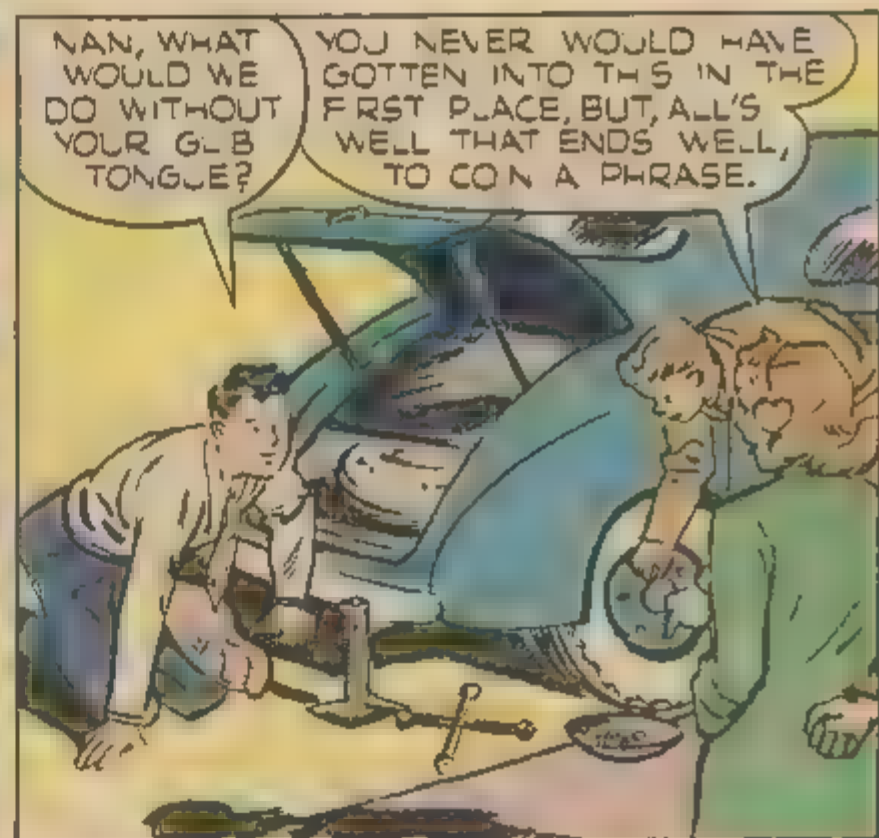
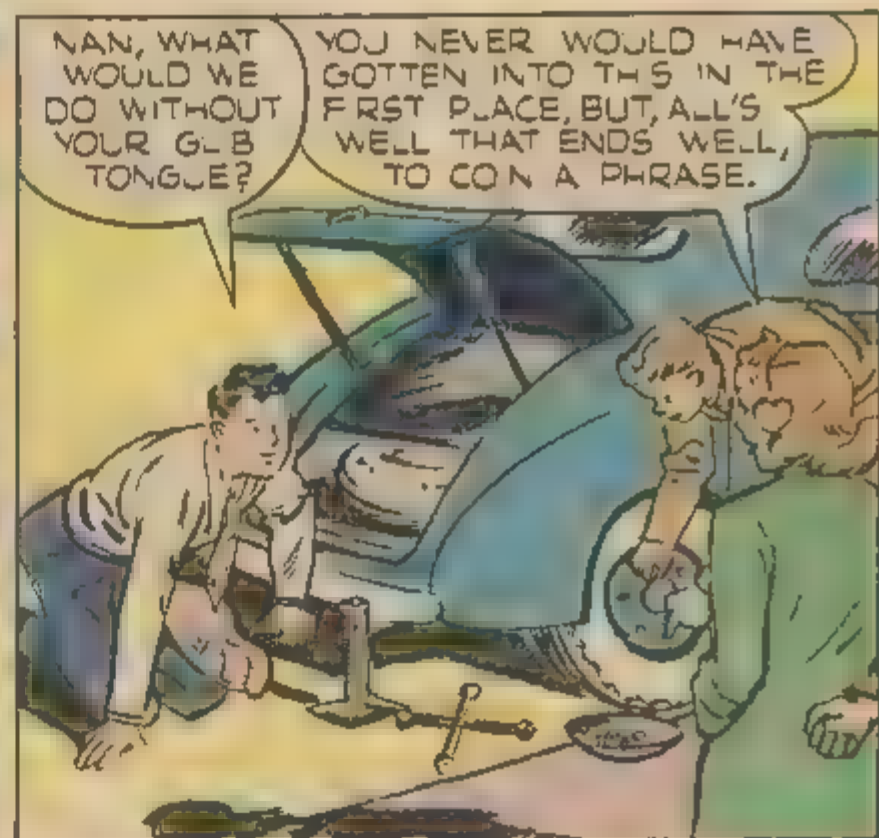
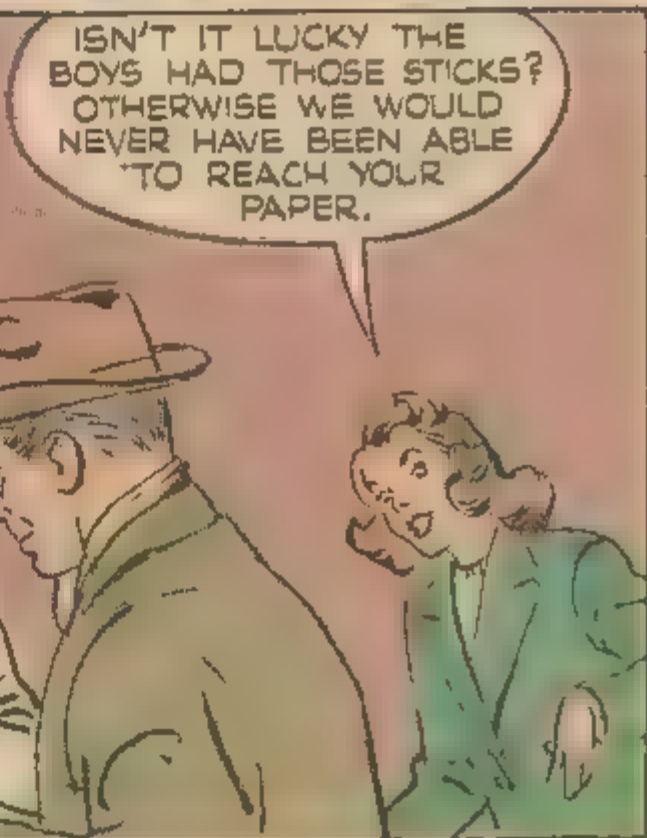
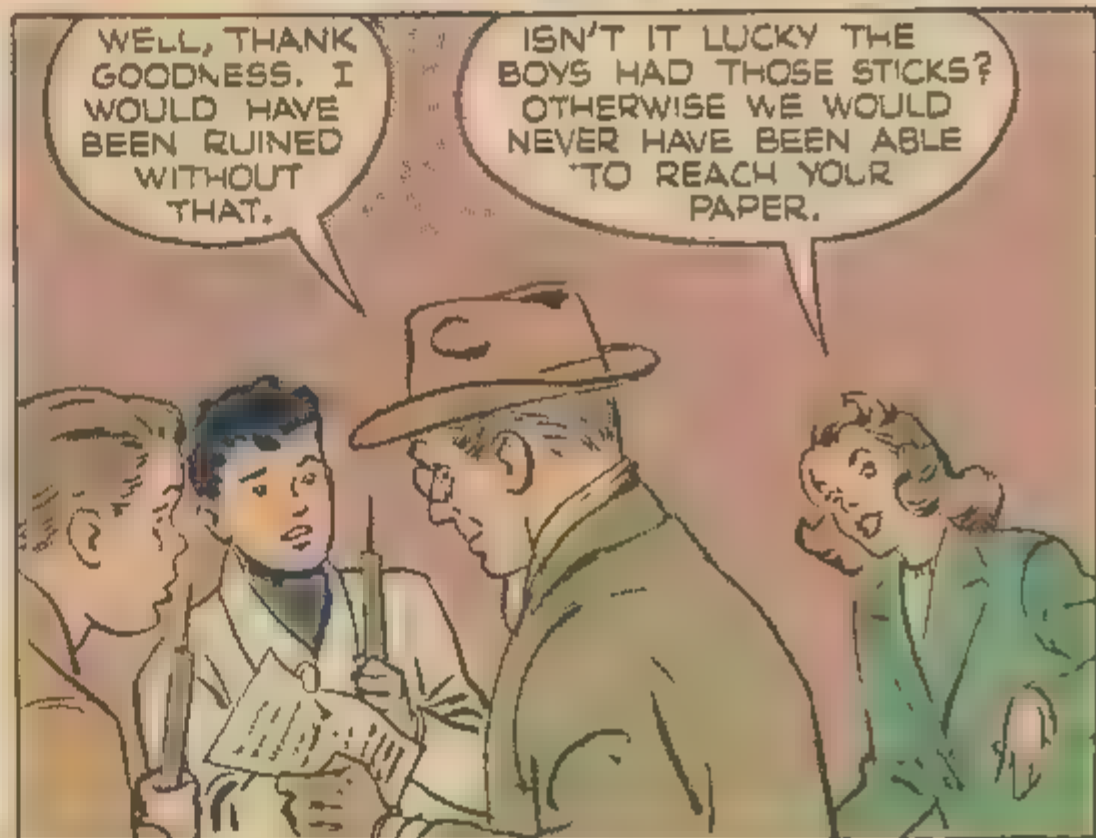
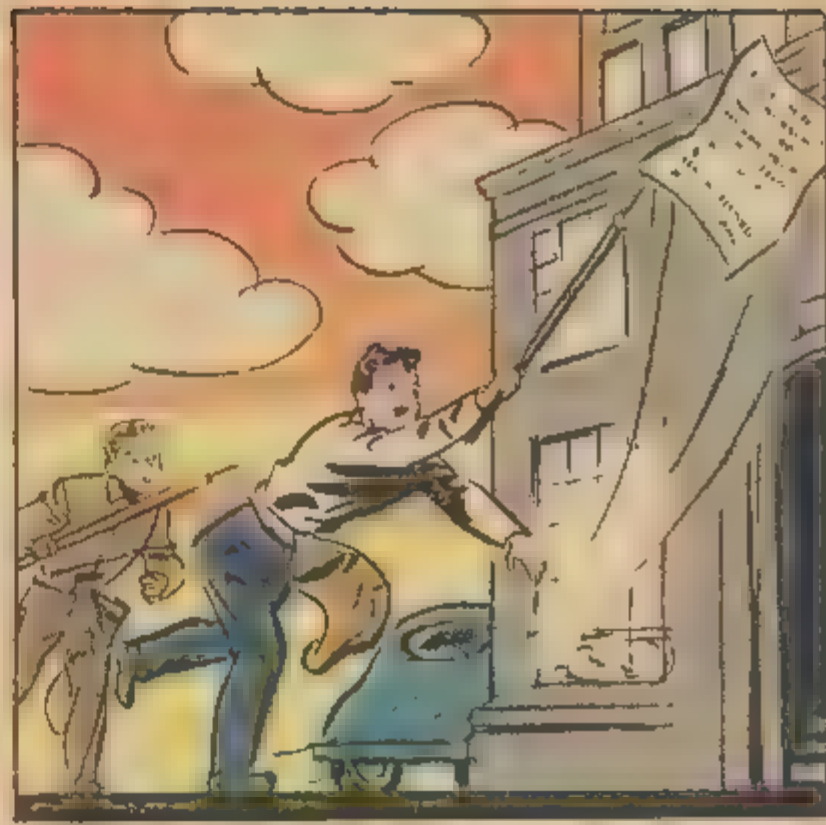
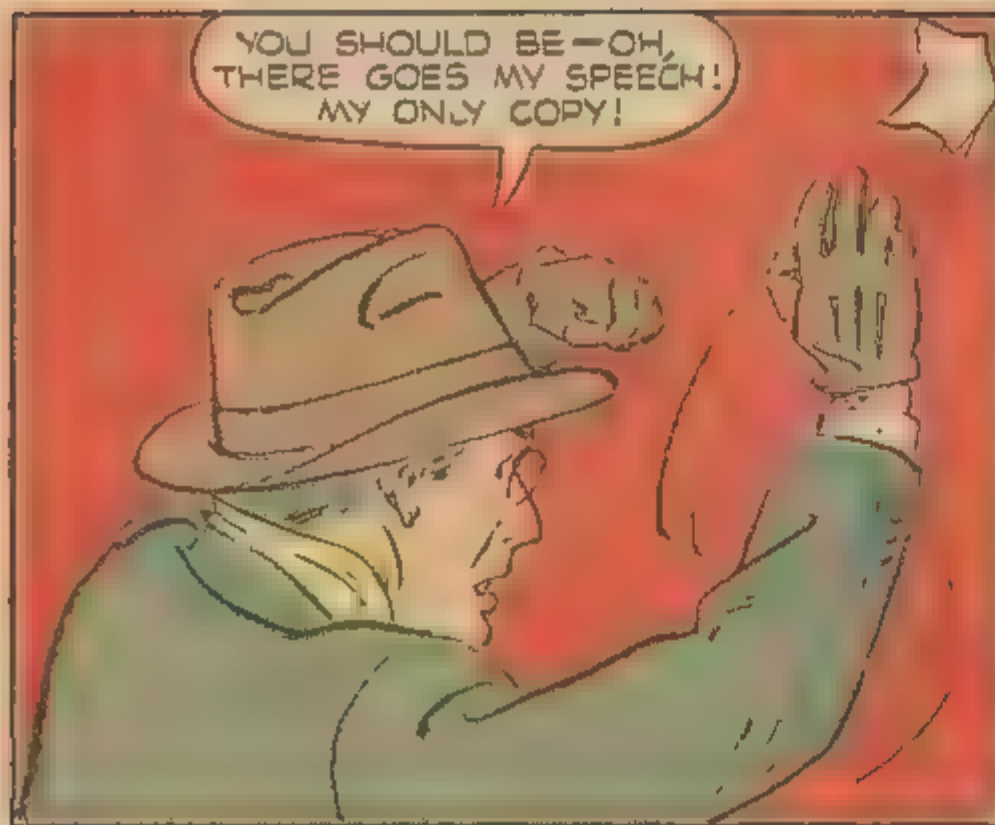
COLA 2 FULL GLASSES 5¢

The VICTORY CLUB

THEY CLEAN UP







This Party will be a **WINNER**

It's fast-moving fun which begins with a football, but the whole thing is designed to keep the boys out of a huddle

By HAZEL CARTER MAXON
Author of "Parties"

WHETHER it's your birthday, or whether it's your club or your class that's party-minded, here's fun for a girl-and-boy evening—an Indoor Sports event. Even with a polo game as a main event, it's no hazard to furniture, for the polo is played off with cranberries and toothpicks.

But the important thing in a good mixed party—and we don't need to tell you this—is to build entertainment around something boys are interested in. Otherwise, instead of circulating they're off in a corner replaying yesterday's basketball game. That's why sports are a good bet to keep a party rolling.

For invitations cut footballs out of a square of wrapping paper. Draw crisscross stitching with black ink, and on the footballs write:



There are several ways of arranging the dates and getting the party together with ease. As hostess, it's okay for you to say who's to pick up whom. You can say to Ted at school or on the phone, "By the way, I told Ann you would come by for her Saturday evening because you live near-by—that's all right with you, isn't it?"

Or if there's any possibility that several boys may decide to



The relay race requires two pairs of large floppy slippers, too big for any player. The race is to the goal line and back.

duck the whole thing, you can honestly link up their arrival with gas shortage. Phone and say something like this: "Bob, this is a break! Ann's father has offered to drive his car and pick up the gang on the way, to save everybody's three gallons. He'll have Ann and Alice in the car and pick up you and Ted at eight o'clock. So we'll be seeing you." Some such plan as this gives the impression that everything is settled and everybody's coming for informal, easy-going fun—and true, too.

Decorations for the living room are simple. On the wall you have placed a sport poster for a who's who game later. Pin up a few pennants—make them out of cheap cloth if you like, and write, in chalk, slogans "Hurrah for our side!" "The winnah!" "Ride 'em, cowboy!"

etc. Make a cardboard megaphone and put it on the table ready for announcing sports events.

Remember, when your guests arrive, that boys like to be doing something all the time. They're not interested, as you may be, in Peggy's new dress or hair-do. So let them help you—whether it's giving out pencils or paper for the next contest, getting cheer leaders for the events, or carrying refreshment trays.

Who's who in sports is the first contest. On a cardboard poster you have cut-out pictures of various well-known sports stars. You can find plenty of them in sports magazines and Sunday sports sections of newspapers. Plant a few easy ones like Joe Louis and Joe Di Maggio so all the girls will know some of them. If the prize goes to a boy for this one—so what? The girls' turn to star comes later. The main thing is to get

the party off to a good start. Number each photograph and have corresponding numbers on each person's slip of paper. The person who can identify the most pictures might get a ball for a prize. If there's dancing, have a "hunt" number. Give the extra boys, or girls, red paper caps made like hunters' caps. They are the hunters and can capture their "game," the game being any girl or boy partners they may wish to tag.

Cranberry polo is played by two competing players at a time, with a cheerleader at the megaphone and wild cheers from the sidelines. Players take places on opposite sides of a table. In front of each are a yardstick, two toothpicks, and a cranberry. At a given signal, each player places his cranberry at the end of the yardstick and starts moving it with the toothpick to the opposite end of the yardstick. The cranberry must be rolled or shoved along, not raised up from the stick. If it rolls off, with the aid of toothpicks alone it must be worked back to the point where it rolled off. The winner is the one who first accomplishes this feat. He takes on another player, and so on until he is eliminated by losing.

The relay race requires two pairs of very large old floppy slippers—too big for any player. Players are lined up in two

teams at the same starting line, with a parallel goal line some distance away. Wearing the slippers, players race two at a time, one from each team. The race is to the goal line and return. Then the slippers are removed and handed to the next two players. If the slippers come off during the race, the player has to stop and replace them immediately. If you can't get slippers too big for the boys, limit the contestants to girls, with the boys in the cheering section.

You'll want a simply super trick prepared so that one of the boys can perform it to the amazement of your guests while you are busy getting the food from the kitchen to the buffet table for refreshments.

Magic numbers is the trick. The magician tells his audience he is a mind reader. He explains he is first going to write numbers of less than three figures on slips of paper which are in front of him. He does this and puts the slips in a tin pan. He then asks one of the audience to draw a slip of paper, and without letting the magician see it, show it to the audience and return it to the pan so that the number is hidden. Then the magician burns the slips of paper in the metal pan. He picks up the ashes, rubs them lightly on his left forearm. As he rubs, a number appears—

magic! It's number 34, say. "The very one I drew!" the member of the audience will say. Naturally, because the secret of the trick is that the magician had written the number 34 in soap on his arm, before he began the trick. And he had scribbled the same number, 34, on each of the slips of paper! The ashes stick to the soap number on his arm and make it visible.

You can play musical partners to match supper partners. It's noisy, and fun, and gets girls and boys together easily. Think of some well-known tunes, like "Army Air Corps," "The Trolley Song," "Sweet Adeline," or "G. I. Jive." Write the name of each tune on duplicate slips of paper. Put the slips in separate boxes for girls and boys to draw from. Each person must hum or whistle the tune on his slip and try to find a partner singing or whistling the same song, who will be the supper partner.

For buffet table decoration you can carry out the sports idea by making a cardboard megaphone for centerpiece, pasting the initials of your school—or yourself—on it. Tie school-color ribbons around the small end of the megaphone and fill it, horn-of-plenty fashion, with candy kisses. Match your candles to the ribbons.

Plan easy food which you can make yourself. Anyway, most boys dislike fancy or gooey foods.

If you like a game to play with refreshments, have a scrambled sports quiz. Write these names on a poster and give each person paper and pencil to "unscramble" them into the names of various sports.

1 GLOWBNI	5 MISMIWGN
2 NISTNE	6 GATSKIN
3 LASLEBBA	7 GIBNOX
4 OCHYKE	8 AFOLLOTB

Here are the answers: 1. Bowling, 2. Tennis, 3. Baseball, 4. Hockey, 5. Swimming, 6. Skating, 7. Boxing, 8. Football.

This is one party where everyone will rate as a good sport—you, as the best sport of all for having the idea and giving it!



Cranberry polo is played by two players at a time, with a cheerleader at the megaphone and cheers from the sidelines.

BEARCAT IN GERMANY



HOPE SIMPSON OF PERTH, SCOTLAND, RUTH SUZANNE BOYLE OF SPRINGFIELD, PA., DOROTHY STOUT OF VICKSBURG, MISS., HELEN GREY STOCKDALE OF RAVENNA, OHIO, AND KATHERINE BURNS OF SYRACUSE, N.Y., MAKE UP THE TEAM OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS CLUBMOBILE "BEARCAT," ATTACHED TO LT. GEN. COURTNEY HODGE'S FIRST ARMY, THE FIRST CLUBMOBILE UNIT TO ENTER GERMANY

AT FIRST ARMY HEADQUARTERS SOMEWHERE IN BELGIUM...

ROETGEN IS THE FIRST TOWN WE'VE TAKEN INSIDE THE "FATHERLAND." THE SNIPERS WERE JUST CLEANED OUT YESTERDAY.

AND THERE ARE GI'S THERE WHO COULD USE COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS?

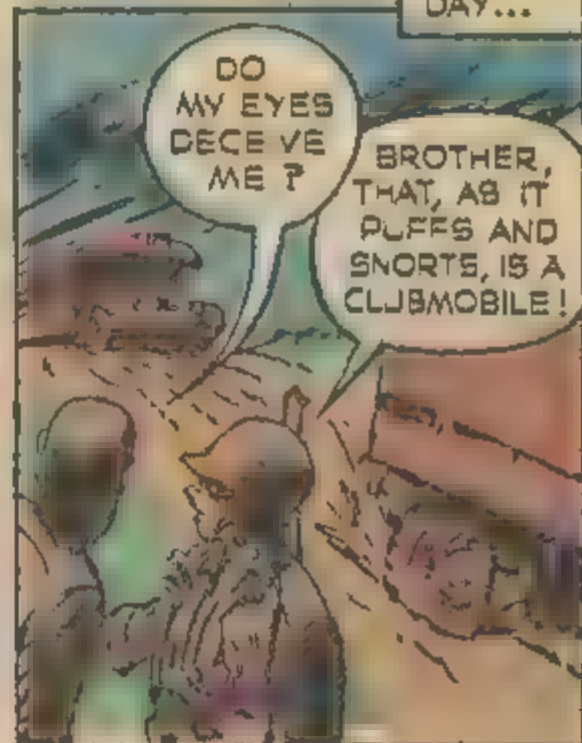
RIGHT. THE FRONT LINE CURVES AROUND THE TOWN ON THREE SIDES BUT WE THOUGHT IF ONE CLUBMOBILE WOULD VOLUNTEER TO GO IN AS A TEST...

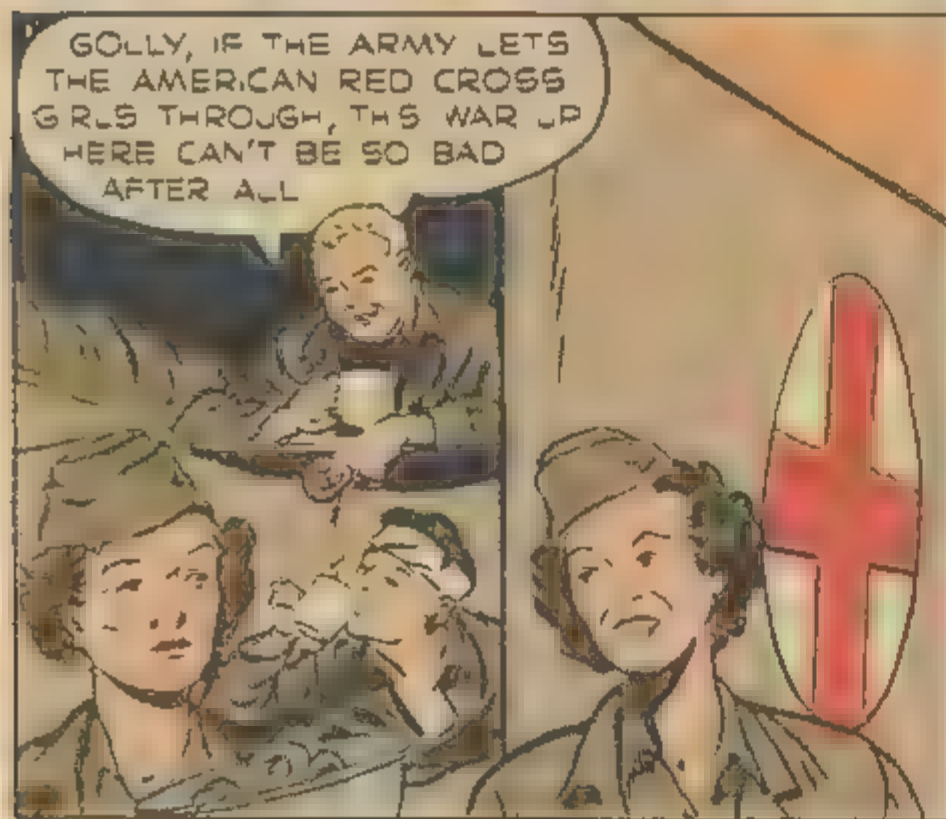
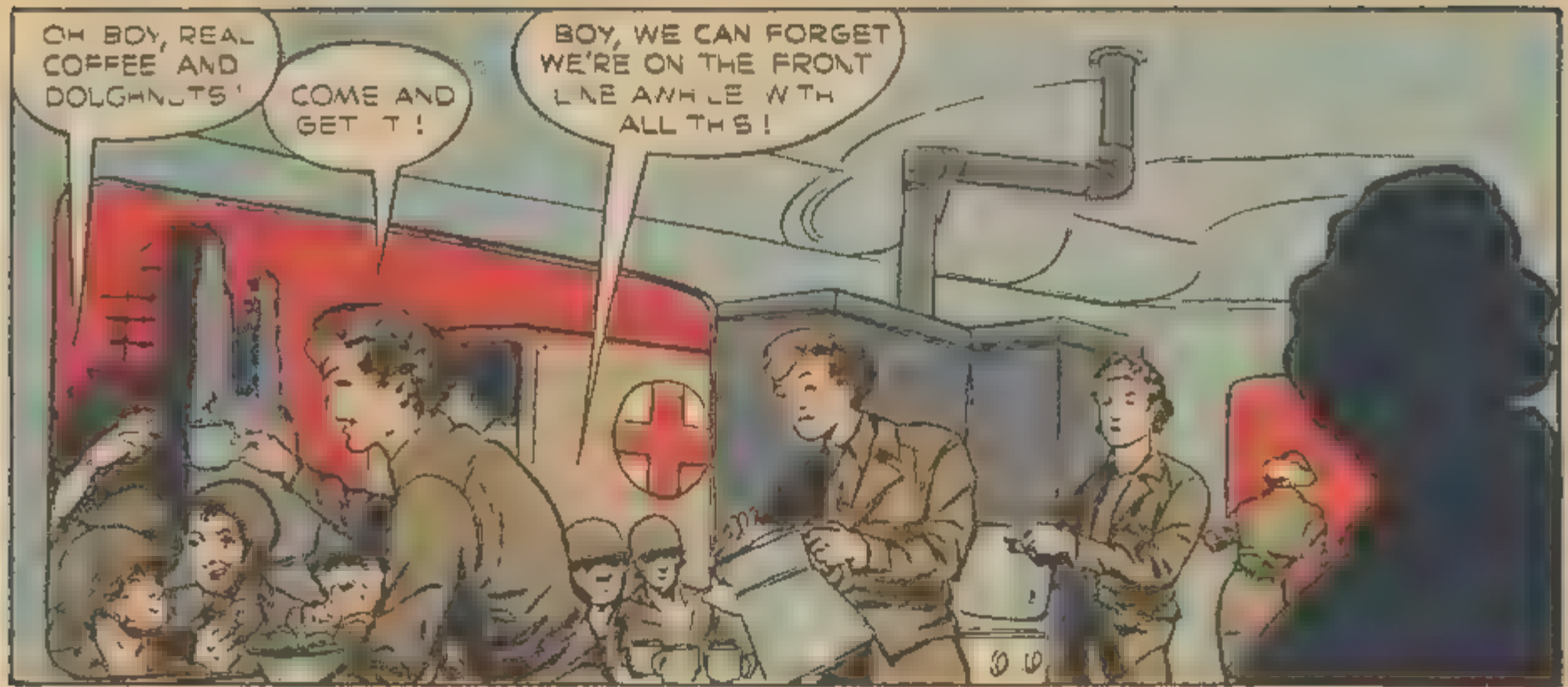
THE BEARCAT IS THE ONE TO DO IT, SIR.

LATER THAT DAY...

DO MY EYES DECEIVE ME?

BROTHER, THAT, AS IT PUFFS AND SNORTS, IS A CLUBMOBILE!





THE MIRACLE OF X-RAYS

In 1895, Wilhelm Roentgen was experimenting with electric currents in a vacuum tube. Suddenly, strange things began to happen to photographic plates nearby. Although carefully wrapped, the plates turned black—as if exposed to sunlight! He found that mysterious rays, coming from the vacuum tube, passed right through many solid objects! He could actually see the bones of his hand, when viewed through a fluorescent screen. Because these strange rays were unknown to science, Roentgen called them X-rays.

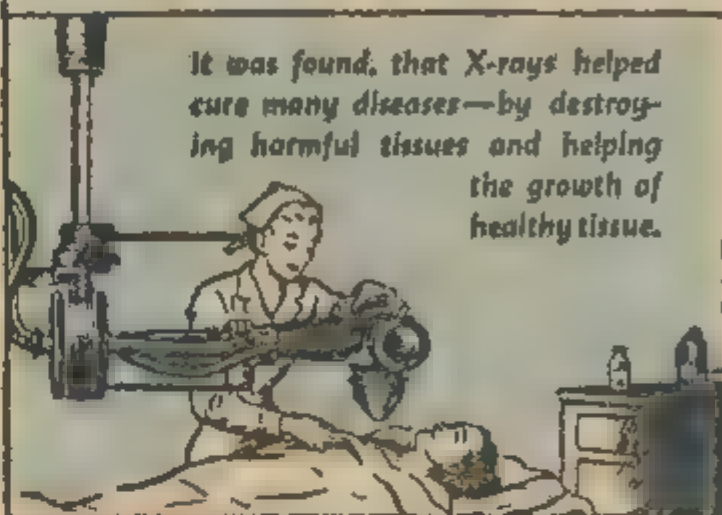


Shortly after Roentgen's amazing discovery, X-rays were used in America to locate a bullet in a man's leg.



X-ray pictures made it possible to examine an injury clearly and study progress of treatment.

It was found, that X-rays helped cure many diseases—by destroying harmful tissues and helping the growth of healthy tissue.



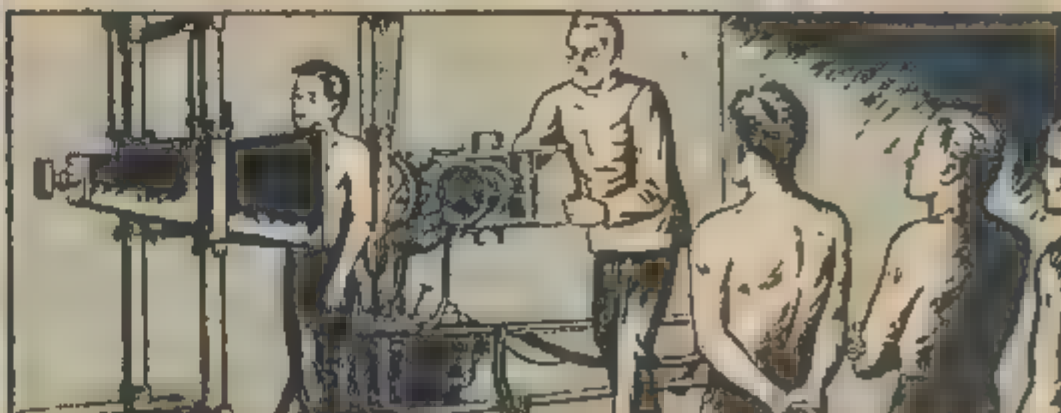
X-rays came to be used in other ways—such as detecting pearls in oysters, examining contents of packages, telling real jewels from imitations.



X-ray devices are also helping to win the war. Big X-ray machines, like this Westinghouse unit, look through metal parts and detect flaws. Lead-lined hoods protect workers from X-ray exposure.



Another Westinghouse X-ray development is the "Bi plane Marker." This shows both the location and depth of a shell fragment, making it possible for the doctor to remove it quickly—right behind the fighting front.



As many as 2000 school children can now be examined in a day for signs of tuberculosis. This is made possible by a new Westinghouse X-ray machine, equipped with a 35 mm candid camera. As a result, children run less chance of suffering from chest diseases and may live longer, healthier lives.

Would you like a copy of this picture-story (without advertising signature) for your school room? Ask your teacher to write for Picture Story CAG-35, to School Service, Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, P. O. Box 1017, Pittsburgh 30, Pennsylvania.

Tune In: JOHN CHARLES THOMAS—Sunday 2:30, EWT, NBC
TED MALONE—Mon. Wed. Fri. 10:15 pm, EWT, Blue Network

Westinghouse

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When writing to advertisers, please mention CALLING ALL GIRLS.

Cookie Wow's Em with WAFFLES

IF YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE WAFFLES FOR THAT GANG ON SUNDAY NIGHT, YOU'D BETTER PRACTICE, COOKIE.



MEASURE $1\frac{1}{2}$ CUPS OF FLOUR, THEN SIFT IT WITH 3 TEASPOONS BAKING POWDER, $\frac{1}{2}$ TEASPOON SALT, AND 2 TEASPOONS SUGAR.

YOU MAKE IT SOUND SO SIMPLE.

IT IS SIMPLE. WAFFLES ARE ONE OF THE EASIEST THINGS YOU CAN MAKE IF YOU KNOW THE TRICKS.



MEASURE A CUP OF M.L.K., BREAK INTO IT 2 EGGS, AND BEAT.

IS THIS BEATEN ENOUGH?

THAT'S RIGHT, NO STREAKS OF EGG LEFT.



STIR THE LIQUID QUICKLY INTO THE DRY INGREDIENTS, ADD 4-6 TABLESPOONS OF MELTED SHORTENING.

SUNDAY MAYBE I CAN LET YOU USE BUTTER, COOKIE. IT MAKES THE WAFFLES MUCH CRISPER.

I'LL TELL THEM IT WAS BUTTER, AND MAKE THEM GO LIGHT ON THE SPREADING.



ABOUT 4 TABLESPOONS MAKE 1 WAFFLE.

WHOA THERE, NO MORE! IF THE IRON'S MORE THAN THREE-QUARTERS FULL, IT'LL RUN OVER!

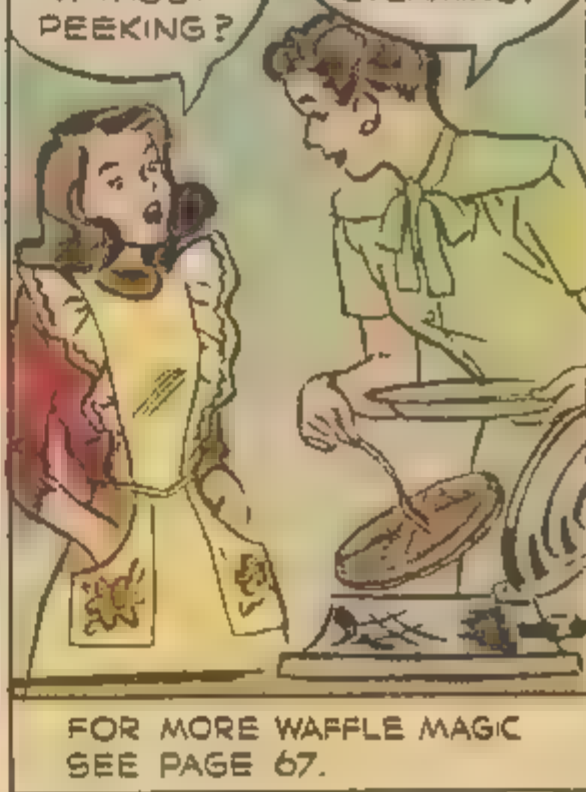
GEE, OF COURSE, AM I A DOPE!



COOK FOUR TO FIVE MINUTES.

HOW COULD YOU TELL IT WAS DONE WITHOUT PEEKING?

EASY, I SIMPLY WAITED UNTIL IT STOPPED STEAMING.



FOR MORE WAFFLE MAGIC SEE PAGE 67.

DOUBLE EXPOSURE MYSTERY

(Continued from page 14)

"And there weren't any fingerprints in the restaurant?"

Claggett shook his head. "Either he wore gloves, or he wiped off the counter and the cash register afterward. I was still convinced that Chuck was guilty—the way he'd laughed at me had seemed further proof—but nobody else on the force would listen to me, or help me round up evidence. You see, I was new, as I said; and I happened to have gone to college. So they just kidded me—" Claggett blushed, youthfully—"about being an educated cop, and letting my courses in psychology go to my head."

Suddenly Gilly remembered what she'd heard Sergeant Gresham say that morning, as she and Doug left the police station, "Those kids must have been talking to Joe. They've dreamed up a thin dark man, too."

"Is your name Joe?" she asked.

The patrolman nodded, surprised. "Why?"

"Oh—uh—nothing. Can't we do something right away? I'm sure I could identify this—whatever-his-name-is—if I saw him."

Claggett looked dubious. "I could point him out to you, but the word of a minor isn't taken very seriously in court. And that would be especially true of either of you kids. People might think you were accusing Chuck to clear Mr. McCord."

"Didn't they find any fingerprints in the flower shop either?" Doug asked. "Any to match the ones you have of Chuck, I mean?"

"There weren't any at all on the counter or the register," Claggett grinned wryly, "except your own where you'd punched the NO SALE key. I think that's a suspicious circumstance; Chuck's smart enough to wipe his off. But the sergeant says it's more likely that Mr. McCord did it himself—either innocently, because he'd spilled water or something; or in order to make it look as

if a clever criminal had done the job."

"I see." Doug nodded grimly. "But—well, isn't there something we can do? Could you check up and find out where this Chuck Meekin was that night?"

"Oh, I did that." Claggett sounded as if he were very tired. "And he's got an alibi for the whole evening. Maybe there wasn't much sense in my coming here," he added, getting to his feet. "I just thought you kids might know something you'd forgotten to tell Gresham."

His voice died away and they all looked at each other, unhappily.

"Well, I suppose I might as well run along then," Patrolman Claggett said.

Gilly and Doug got up, too.

"It was awfully decent of you, officer," Doug said awkwardly.

"We're terribly sorry we can't give you any clues," Gilly said. "Yesterday we thought we'd found one," she added wryly, "but it turned out not to be any good."

"What was that?" Claggett asked politely, but without much hope in his voice.

So Gilly told him about the double exposure.

"The first shot I'd made on the negative was of a man and his fruit stand," she explained. "There were so many details in it—dozens of oranges and lemons and things—that it makes a sort of all-over pattern, like the design in a wallpaper or something. So when I took a

picture of the man in the flower shop on top of it, you just can't see anything. Besides, he turned his back at the very minute I snapped it, anyway."

"I see." Claggett thought it over for a minute. "Well, let me look at it, will you?"

"Of course."

A few minutes later Claggett was looking at the print they had made the day before, and shaking his head.

"You're right. You certainly can't tell much from this. Can't even be sure that dark shape there was a man."

"No. I suppose you can't," Gilly agreed despondently. "But it was."

"I don't suppose it would do any good if we enlarged it a lot, would it?" Doug asked. "Sometimes when you make a picture lots bigger, things show up that you hadn't noticed."

"We could try," Gilly said.

Claggett took his coat off after a while, because it grew very warm in the tightly closed little darkroom. Gilly and Doug were hot, too, but neither of them noticed it much.

"There," Doug said finally, giving the huge print a final sloshing in the last wash, and lifting it out to spread it on the hastily cleared table. "It's too wet to handle, but we can look at it all right. It was lucky I had some paper this size."

Eagerly the three of them bent over it, while Doug tilted the light to get the full force of its glare.

Gilly tried to believe that it was just a matter of time before one of them would discover some small but extremely important clue, but the longer she gazed at the crazily patterned paper, the more discouraged she grew. It looked like nothing in the world but a thousand cat tracks, or the art effort of a three-year-old attempting to copy the design in his mother's linoleum.

"Wait a minute! Look—there." Claggett pointed and they all leaned closer.

(To be concluded)

More thrills and chills start for you
in the next issue of

CALLING ALL GIRLS

in a new serial

THE MYSTERY OF THE LOST VILLAGE

By Annette Turngren

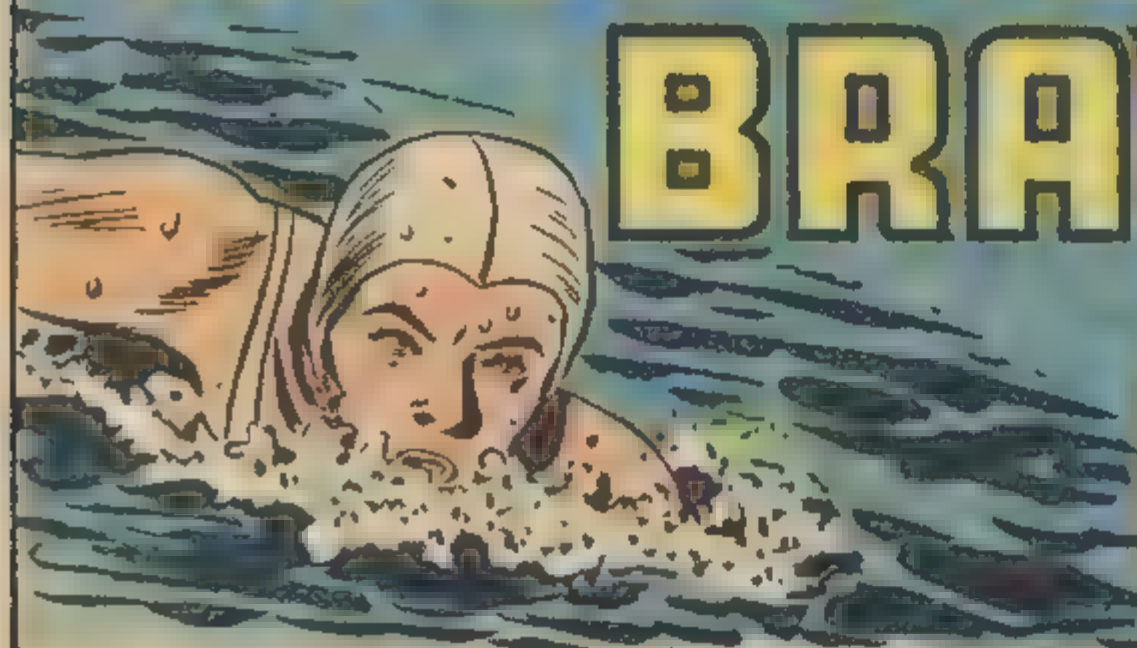
author of

Canyon of No Sunset

and

"Mystery Rides the River"

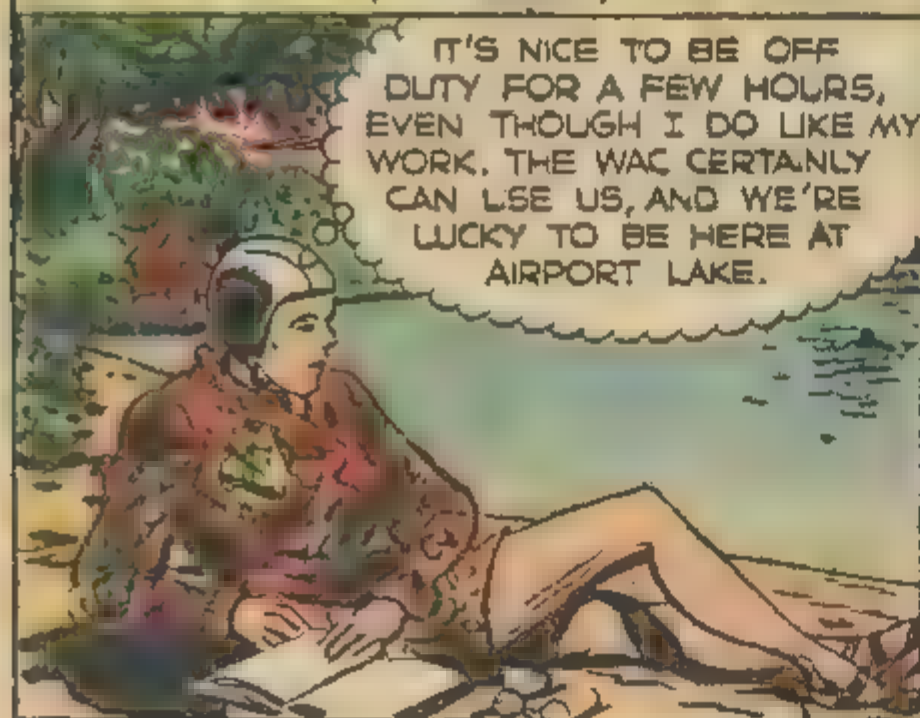
MEDAL FOR BRAVERY



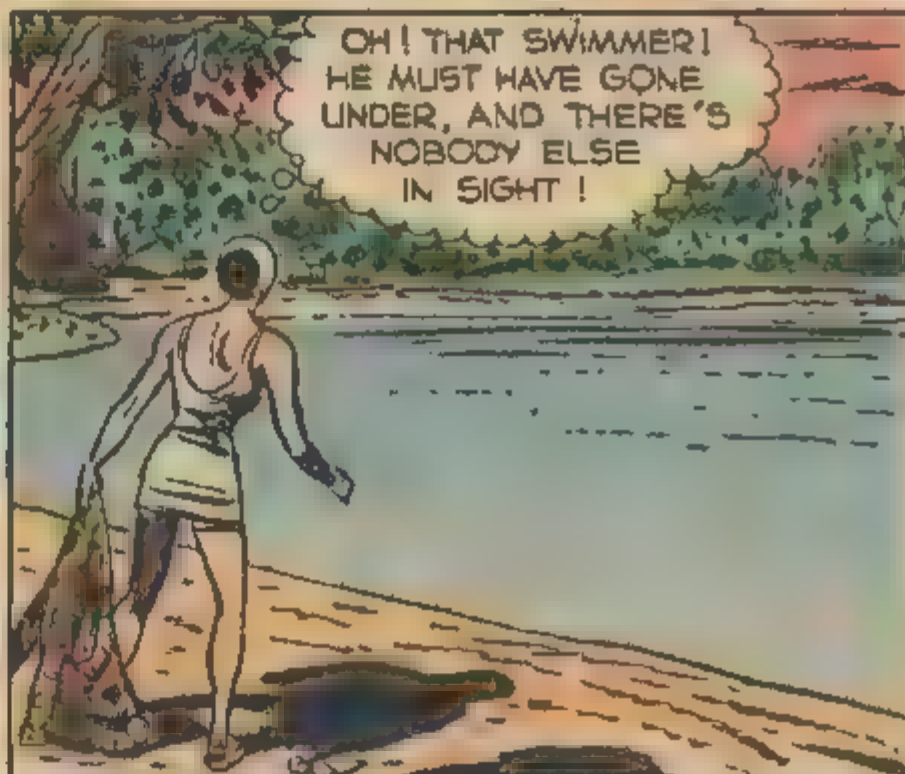
FOR HEROIC EFFORTS TO SAVE THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER, PFC. MARY JANE FORD, WAC, HAS BEEN AWARDED THE SOLDIER'S MEDAL.

AT CAMP MCCOY, WISCONSIN, LAST YEAR...

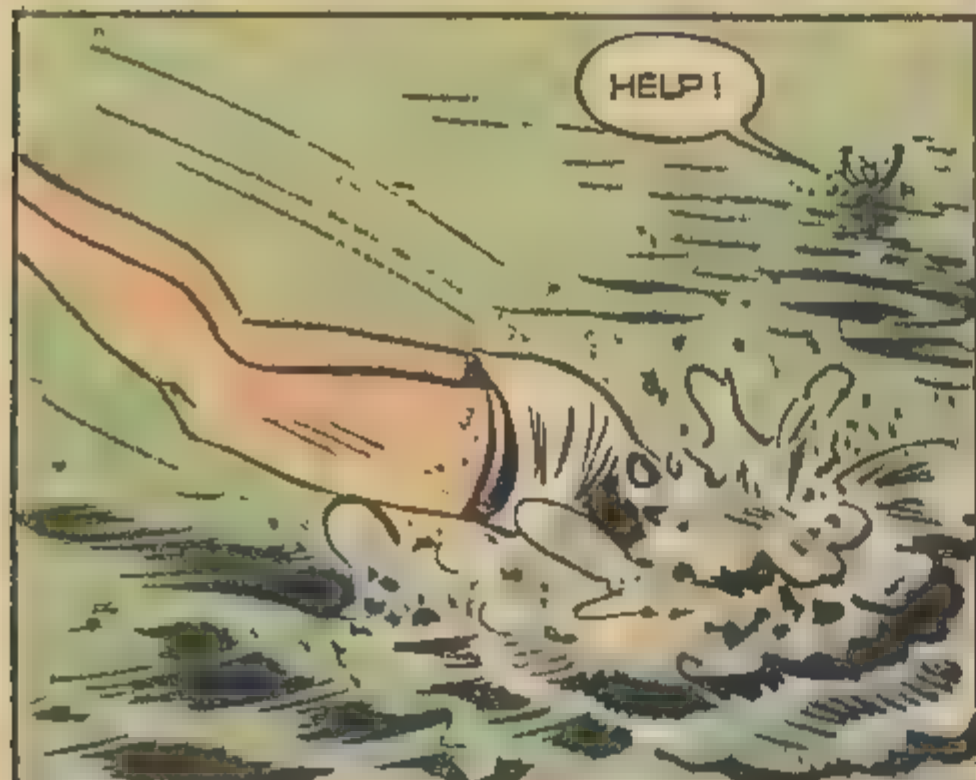
IT'S NICE TO BE OFF DUTY FOR A FEW HOURS, EVEN THOUGH I DO LIKE MY WORK. THE WAC CERTAINLY CAN USE US, AND WE'RE LUCKY TO BE HERE AT AIRPORT LAKE.



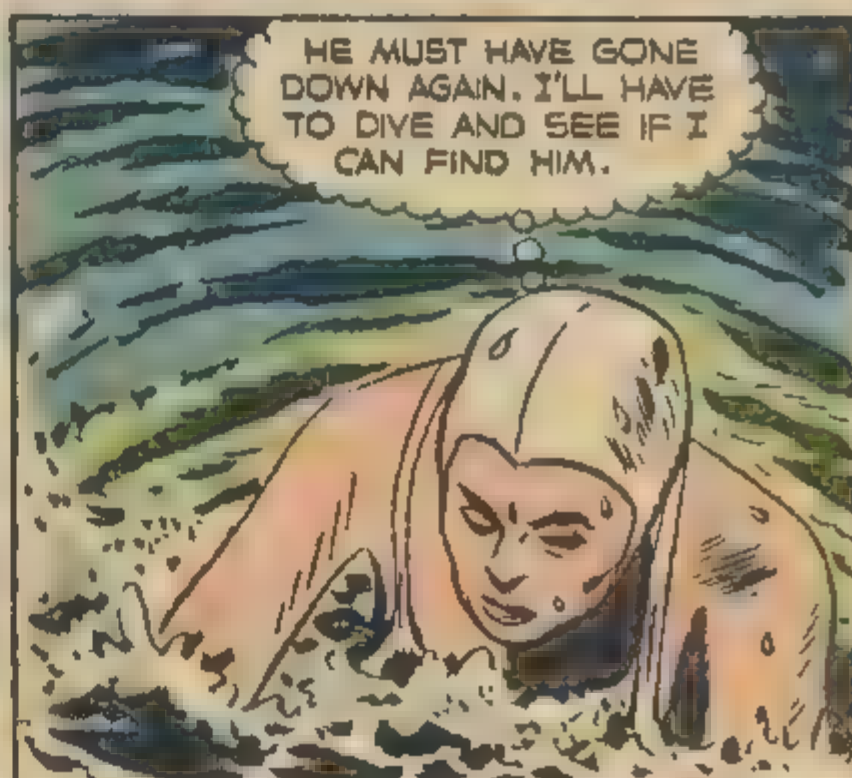
OH! THAT SWIMMER! HE MUST HAVE GONE UNDER, AND THERE'S NOBODY ELSE IN SIGHT!

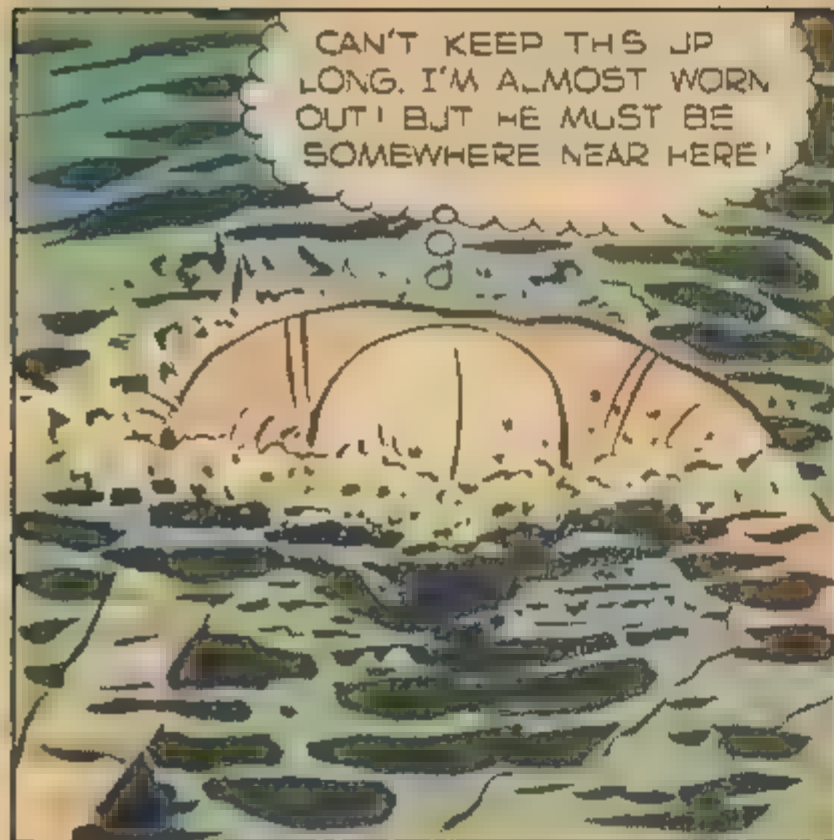


HELP!

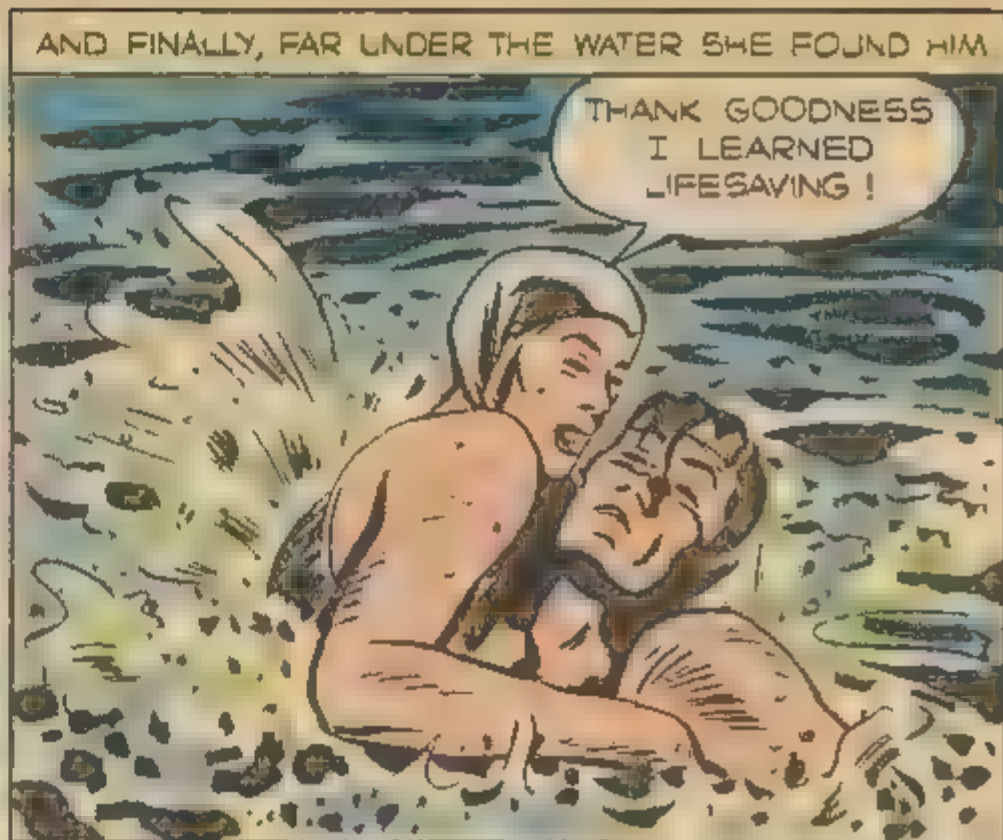


HE MUST HAVE GONE DOWN AGAIN. I'LL HAVE TO DIVE AND SEE IF I CAN FIND HIM.

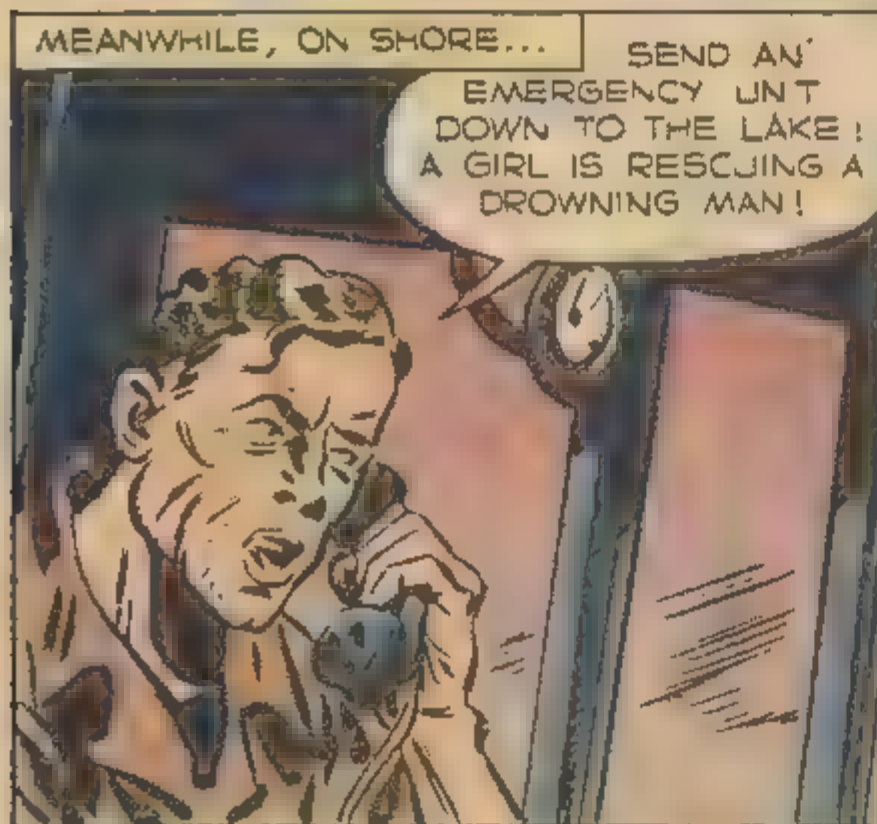




CAN'T KEEP THIS UP LONG. I'M ALMOST WORN OUT! BUT HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE NEAR HERE!

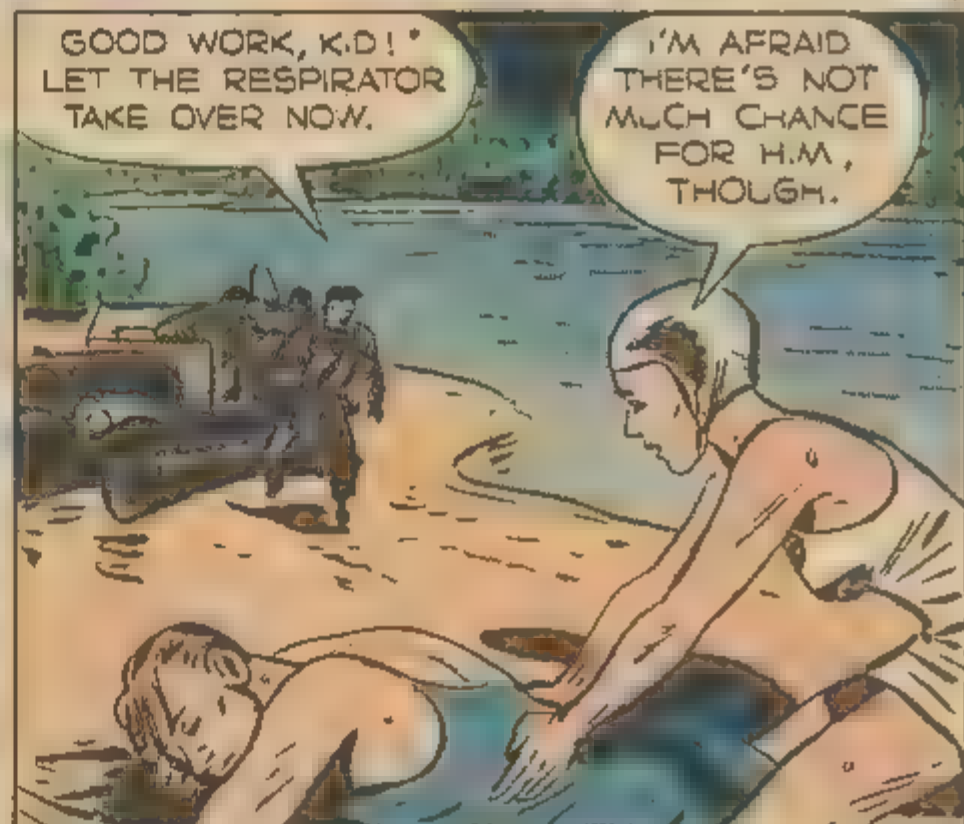


THANK GOODNESS I LEARNED LIFESAVING!



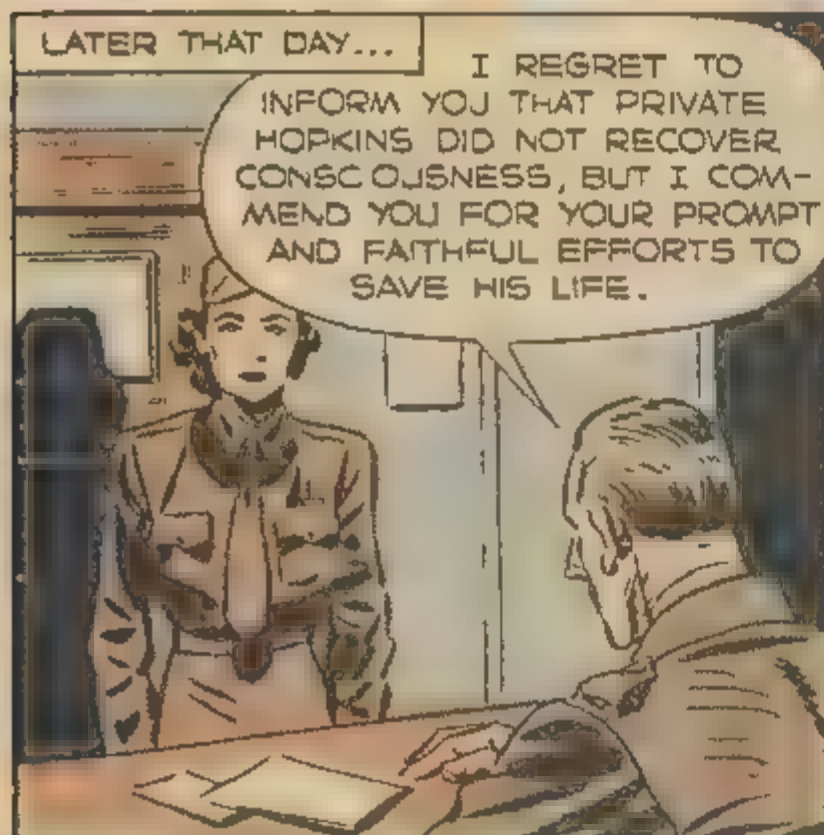
MEANWHILE, ON SHORE...

SEND AN EMERGENCY UNIT DOWN TO THE LAKE! A GIRL IS RESCUING A DROWNING MAN!



GOOD WORK, K.D.! LET THE RESPIRATOR TAKE OVER NOW.

I'M AFRAID THERE'S NOT MUCH CHANCE FOR HIM, THOUGH.



LATER THAT DAY...

I REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT PRIVATE HOPKINS DID NOT RECOVER CONSCIOUSNESS, BUT I COMMEND YOU FOR YOUR PROMPT AND FAITHFUL EFFORTS TO SAVE HIS LIFE.



AND SO, LATER...

PRIVATE FORD FEARLESSLY AND AT THE RISK OF HER LIFE WENT TO HIS ASS STANCE....

Simplicity Sue MAKES A SUIT WARDROBE

Sue's a bright bunny. She knows that one Easter suit plus lots of blouses equals a spring wardrobe. She's picked an easy-to-make bolero suit with four different blouses. See for yourself what good mixers they are!

Sue's hat and bag set is yours for the making with Simplicity Pattern #1171, costs 25c. Make it of your suit fabric leftovers.

Sue's suit is Simplicity Pattern #4925. Costs 25c. "Make your suit in neutral gray or navy blue if you want it to be a wear-with-all," says Simplicity Sue.

Blouse 1—Simplicity Pattern #1058, costs 15c. White cotton sheer with eyelet ruffles makes you look your crispest.

Blouse 2—Simplicity Pattern #1155, costs 25c. Back-buttoned, jewel-neckline, cap-sleeve beauty. Make it in rayon crepe. Wear pearls or clips.

Blouse 3—Simplicity Pattern #1093, costs 15c. Shoulder-buttoned, cap-sleeve blouse that looks its best in stripes. Use a cotton or spun rayon.

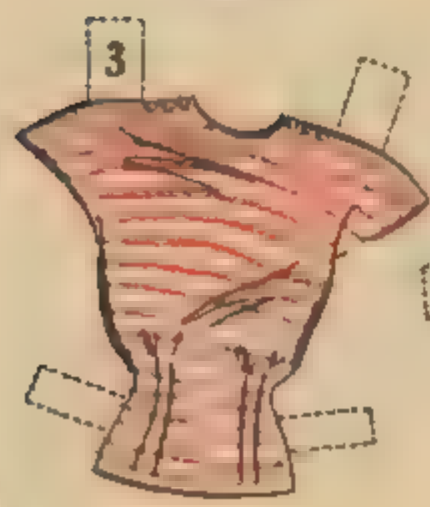
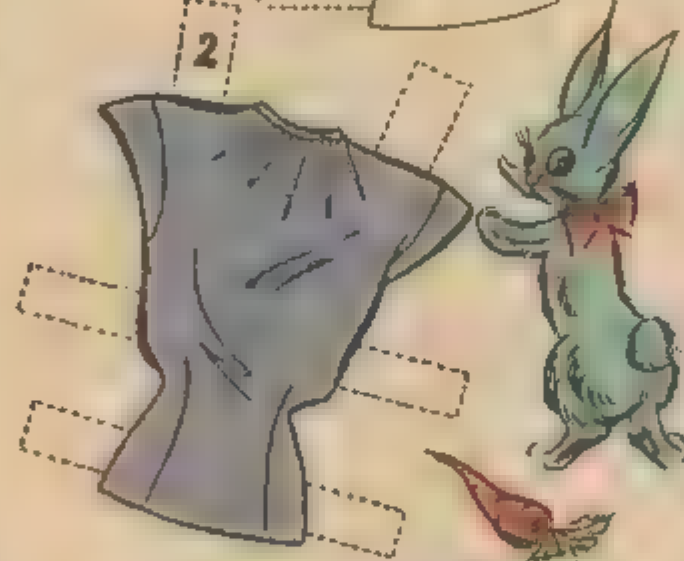
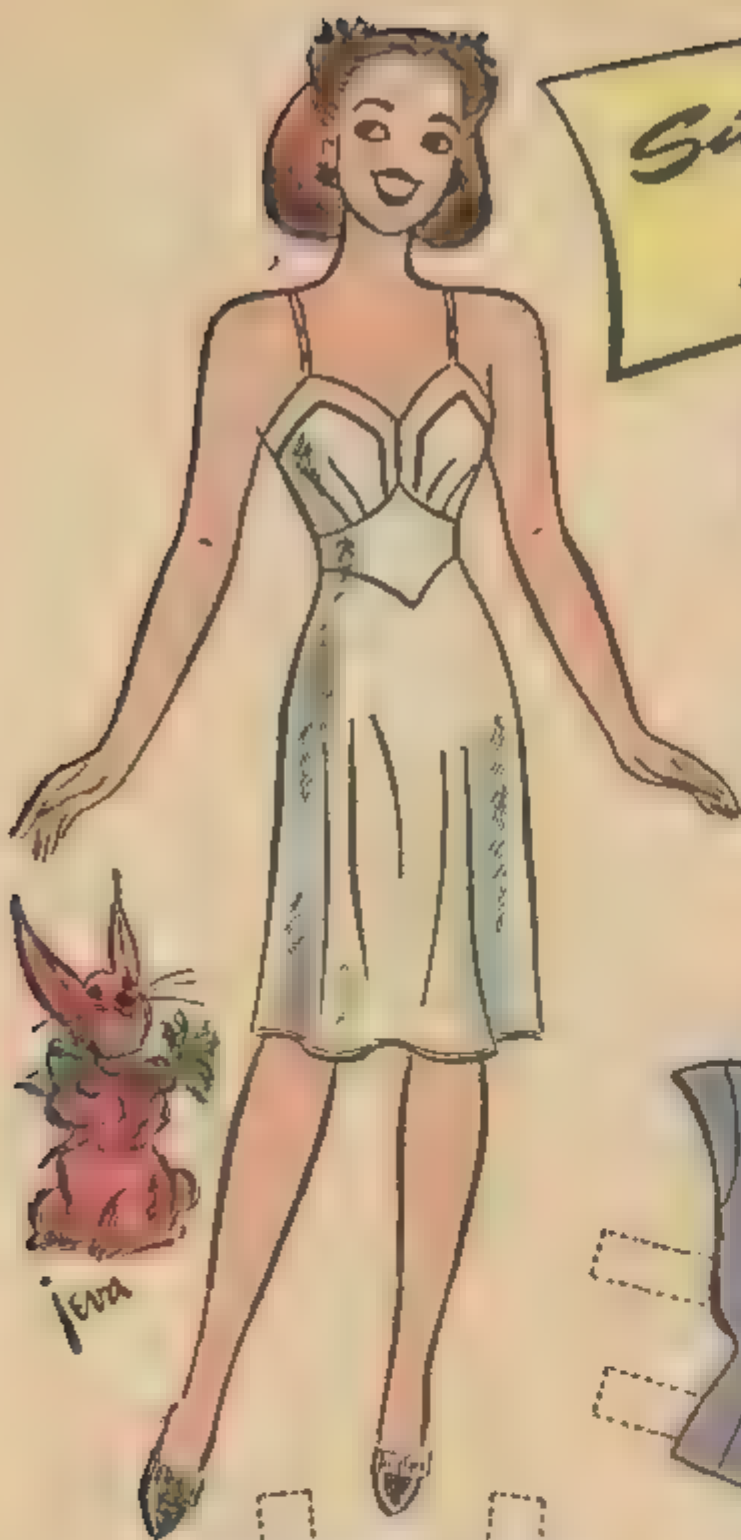
Blouse 4—Simplicity Pattern #4925, costs 25c. (Yes, it comes with the bolero suit.) Bow-tied softie in dotted print. Or one of the new animal prints.

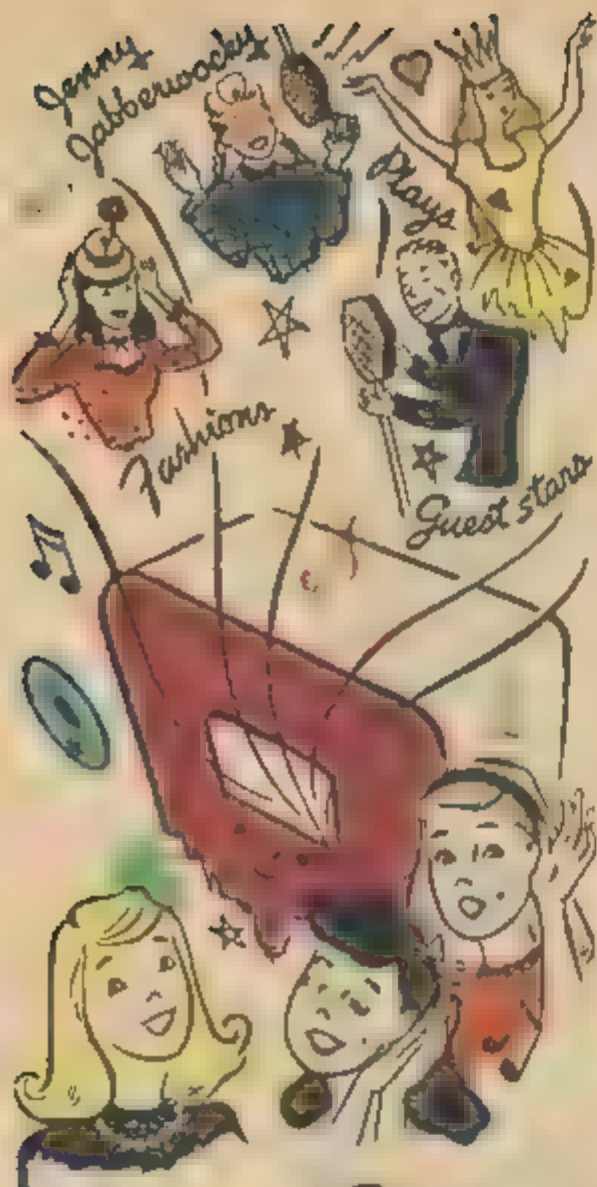
Sue's all ready to try on her suit wardrobe over her Pembroke Jr. slip.

Obtain patterns in your local stores or send cash to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N.Y. State numbers and size, please.



Here's our Trick for Teens for Nimble Thimbles—a dickie made out of two men's handkerchiefs. For free instruction sheet send us ten-inch size stamped, self-addressed envelope to "Dickie Instructions."





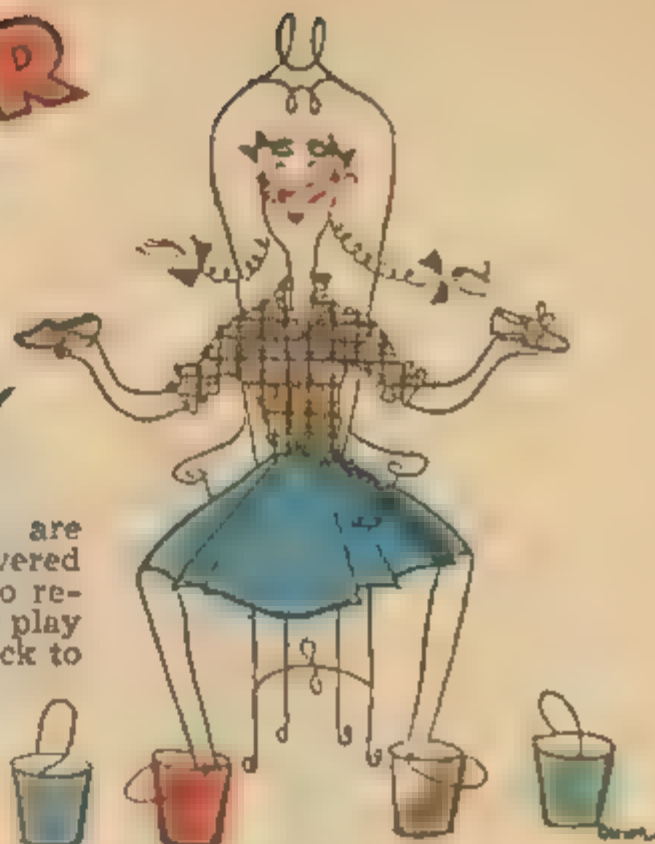
Listen, Girls!

RADIO is at its best when it brings you the **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air**, the program styled by your favorite magazine and sponsored by fine department stores—especially for you. Features, fashions, and fun are yours when you hear Jenny Jabberwocky, slang specialist, open the program, and announcer Tom Shirley begins "calling all girls." You'll thrill to the dramatizations of your favorite stories from your favorite magazine; you'll learn fashion ways from Nancy Pepper, its fashion editor; and you'll meet weekly guests like glamorous Hildegard, Roddy McDowall (yes, boys, too!), singer Jerry Wayne, and many others.

See the list of **CALLING ALL GIRLS Official Headquarters Stores** on another page for the name of the store nearest you which sponsors the **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air**. If no store in your locality gives you this service, write to us about it, telling us the name of your favorite store. Address Linda Allen, National Director, **CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

DIP YOUR FEET in Color Again

HEAVENLY DAYS—Colors are back again in shoes! We covered the Spring Shoe Show in Chicago recently, and here are the gems for play and dress-up that we brought back to sketch for you. Start looking for them in your favorite store. Isn't it swoonderful to dip your feet in color?



- 1—Non-rationed play shoes with plaid platform, by Elleen.
- 2—"Bareback" by Sandler. Take it in white with red piping.
- 3—Completely ventilated with perforations, sling back, open toe. Yanigans by Red Goose.
- 4—Non-rationed Guatemalan plaid cotton play shoe by Oomphies.
- 5—"Punchie" by Sandler. In white and colors such as red or green.
- 6—Non-rationed "Checkerberry," with felt flower trim, by Joyce.
- 7—That built-up, swathed look in a red leather Easter shoe by Tweedies.
- 8—Your beloved spectator with plastic sole. Velvet Step by Peters.
- 9—Non-rationed huarache style by Eileen for school and sports.
- 10—Platform "spec" style in bright colored leathers, by Eileen.
- 11—Bag and shoe twins, by Joyce, in striped cotton. The colors are divine!
- 12—Back in the saddles for you! Your brown and whites by Brown Shoe.

For where-to-buy information, send 3c stamp to Shoe Fashions, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Be sure to state by number which are the shoes you're looking for.



IF you've been yearning in vain for something in Black—show this page to your mother. Black isn't Slink-and-Siren Stuff any more; it's as young as you are—specially when it's splashed with color. Take your blacks in cottons, in sportswear and in date frocks. Left to right—American Debuteen's dress of Everfast chambray, about \$18; Touraine's black-topped cardigan suit, about \$23. Universiteen's rayon crepe print and black rayon jersey date dress, about \$9. All teen sizes, of course. At your Official Headquarters Store (listed on another page), or send a three-cent stamp for Where-to-Buy information, to Fashions, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.





BRIGHTON design. To make you look like a "Cover Girl." Off the face cloche in wool felt. All colors. Headsizes 21½ and 22.

\$2.95

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Name _____ (Hats will be shipped postage collect)

Address _____ City _____ State _____



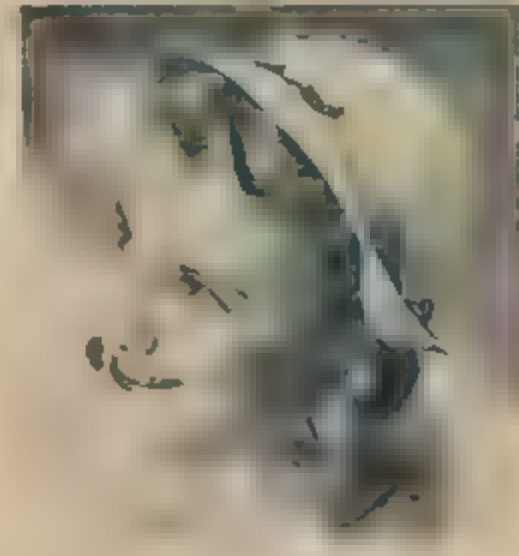
DEE JAY design. Sailor boy beret of ribbon and straw in all colors. Also available in felt in all colors. Headsizes 21½ and 22.

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BEAU BONNET. Of eucocao straw. In natural only, assorted color ribboned trim. Same style available in Excelsa felt in all colors. Headsizes 21½ and 22.

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LITTLE BELLE design. A new cloche of wool felt with ribbon and rosebud trim. All colors. Headsizes 21½ and 22.

\$1.95

STARLING

9 East 37th St., N. Y. 16

whose girl will YOU be in the Easter Parade?

By NANCY PEPPER, Fashion Editor

WHO said boys' don't notice girls' clothes? They may be your best friends, but they're your severest critics, too. We asked three famous boys in Hollywood how they'd like their best gals to look on Easter. Then we invited our California Hi-Style Scouts (members of the May Co.'s CALLING ALL GIRLS Club) to model.

Easter fashions at most Official Headquarters Stores, listed on another page, or send stamped, self-addressed envelope for where-to-buy information. State which styles you're interested in, please.

Left—"Dress up to Easter," says Dick Erdman, the "Scooper" of Warner Bros. movie "Janie," now appearing in "Objective Burma." He okayed thirteen-year-old Margaret Kirkpatrick's ruffy print rayon dress by Betty Lane, wrap-around topper by Bambury, and matching veiled calot, a Teen-Age by Gage confection

Below, right—"Nothing looks smoother than a sports suit," says Bob Hutton, of Warners' "Hollywood Canteen" and "Roughly Speaking," as he shows fourteen-year-old Betty Baker and sixteen-year-old Lorraine Bickell around the Warner lot. Their pastel bolero and blazer suits by Derby Beanie and Bean-Bag sets

Left, below—"It's the girl in a bright color who stands out," says movie star Roddy McDowall. He okayed fourteen-year-old Cover Girl Shirley Johns' Pepper Pink Grafshire suit with matching Bonnie Teen sweater and Starling hat. For contrast, Limelight in Wear Right gloves and Tween-Age lapel hearts by Werthley. See Roddy and Shirley on the front cover and notice that Shirley can wear her Easter hat two ways.





NANCY PEPPER

★ in Hollywood

It was a whirlwind trip, but **CALLING ALL GIRLS'** fashion editor managed to take in all the sights. Yes, she even met Van Johnson at a Hollywood premiere! That's Dick Erdman, the "Scoop" of "Janie," showing Nancy around the Warner Bros. lot, above



Nancy discusses a **CALLING ALL GIRLS** radio show with Roddy McDowall.



Lassie shakes paws with Nancy. Fred Wilcox, MGM director, introduces them.



Bob Hutton thinks **CALLING ALL GIRLS** is simply super. And isn't it mutual?



It's vivacious June Allyson lunching with Nancy Pepper at the MGM commissary.



ARE THESE SOME GORGEOUS MOVIE QUEENS?
WHY NO—THEY'RE LOVELY PETITEENS!
THEIR STUNNING CLOTHES—SO SWEET, YET BOLD—
ARE CUT JUST RIGHT—NOT YOUNG NOR OLD.

If you would shine in every scene make your next frock a **PETITEEN**



If you are too old for 7 to 14's, and too small for teens, Petiteens are just right.

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Nolan HANDSEWN Gloves



Excitingly New



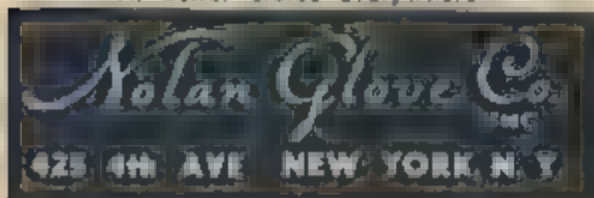
... Date Bait for the SODA FOUNTAIN CROWD

You chicks are really lucky! Here are the finest quality double-woven cotton gloves, especially designed for you. Hand sewing throughout — in a manner that will thrill you every time you wear them; and will the drakes swoon!

Comes in white, chamois yellow and cream beige

Retails about \$2.95

At better stores everywhere



*Tip Your Suit
with a
TOPPER*

Above—Jackie Macmillan picks a collarless pastel fleece topper with back flare. Crochet straw cloche by Madcaps Jr. She picks a good date for Easter, too!

Right—Check and solid color collarless suits and toppers literally made-for-each-other. Bags by Belt Modes, cloche hats by Madcaps, Jr., are for you this Easter.

DID you know that short coats are short cuts to the smoothest Easter outfits? You'll wear your topper over a suit for Easter and later you'll throw it over spring dresses—over your shoulders with the sleeves dangling, if you want to look veddy, veddy Hollywood. Some toppers, like that creamy job above, even look super with your spring formals. When you shop for a topper in your favorite teen department, look especially for lush pastels, collarless styles, back flares or back belts. You'll find plenty of terrific toppers below \$20. Yes—take a tip from Nancy Pepper and try a topper for spring



Luscious.

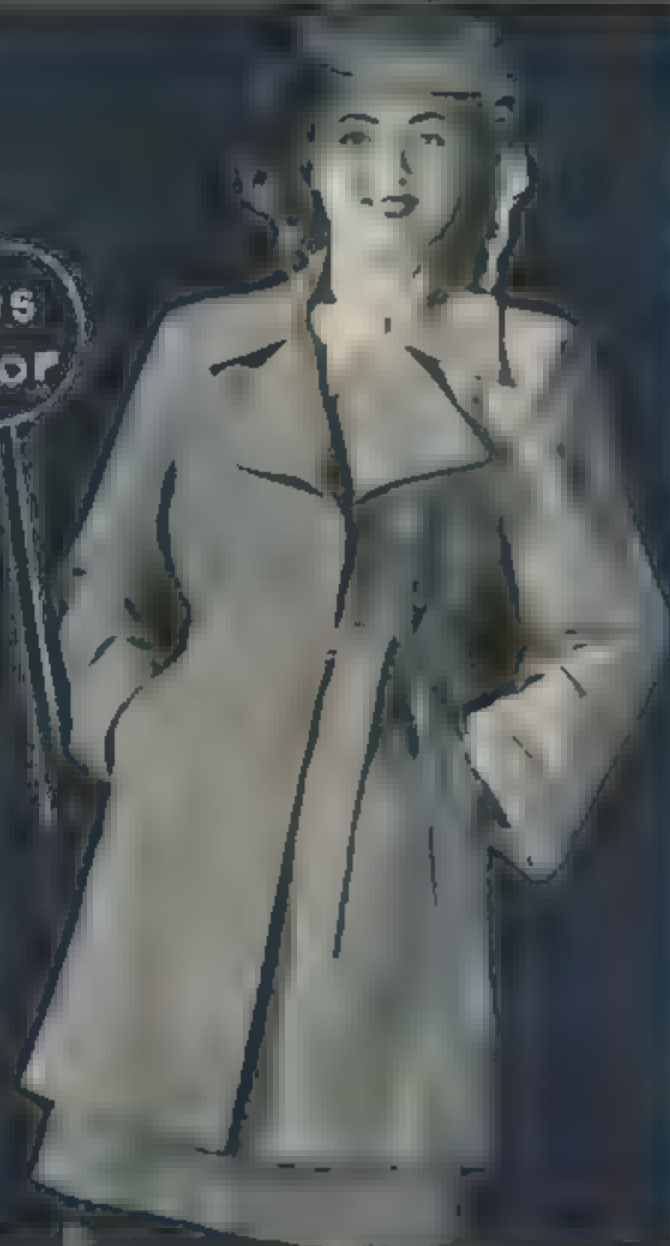
All wool

Shelland

Bambury-Hi

topper and skirt

BUS
STOP



Many of the top toppers will take
with a wonderfully pleated skirt to match. And
what color? sea-aqua, sky-blue, shell-rose, sun-mauve,
flower-fuchsia, and water-melon. Sizes 10 to 16.
Other Bambury Fashions in size 12 to 16.

At your favorite store
BAMBURY-HI FASHIONS

520 EIGHTH AVENUE • NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

A "HOT LICK" FOR YOUR SPRING SUITS

KEYED TO PERFECT COLOR HARMONY!

Bonnie Lassie goes into a
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AMERICAN BEAUTY

MEXICALI GOLD

50 FATHOM AQUA

HORIZON BLUE

and scads of others

About \$3.50

FREE! "47 Ways to Dramatize Your Sweaters."

Write for copy and name of nearest store featuring BONNIE LASSIE sweaters. Dept. A

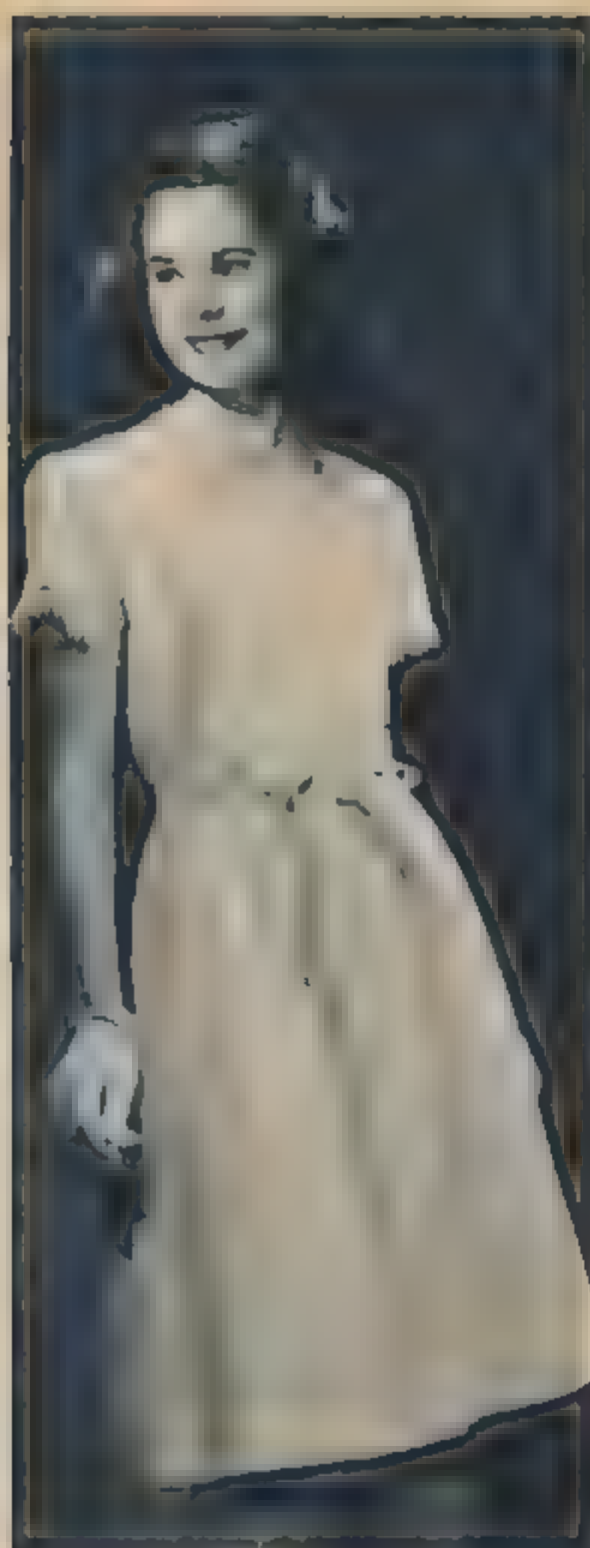
Bonnie Lassie
SWEATER
100% VIRGIN WOOL
CARL GUTMANN & CO.

Ziggity! A perfect match! The new classic slip-on has been dipped in the same color pot as your favorite spring suits! BONNIE LASSIE copy-catted the season's color chart straight from famous Gratshire suits, pace-setters for

teens, in lush high-fashion colors! Rich in texture too... 100% wool zephyr. Sizes 34 to 40.

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*It's not too early
to think about
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FRIENDS ACROSS THE BORDER

(Continued from page 15)
movies," she said. "We see them and just envy your freedom. Here, we cannot have dates till we are eighteen, sometimes twenty, and then we have a chaperone. We cannot wear make-up until we are at least sixteen. We must wear socks until we are sixteen, and flat heels till we are eighteen. Though we may go to a dance at fifteen, we cannot have an escort till we are twenty, and we may not wear some evening gowns till we are twenty-five!"

"And there is always a chaperone," lamented Carmen.

Mexican girls are often allowed to have permanents at ten, due to the dryness that makes their hair very straight. Two of the girls wore long braids which they seemed to dislike.

Carmen now inquired, "What do you like best about Mexico?"

"There is your fresh orange juice at two cents a glass," I laughed, "and your excellent unrationed shoes!"

Then I considered seriously and replied that since they were an older country than we, their history, I thought, was more interesting. They had had four different civilizations: Toltec, Aztec, Spanish Colonial, and Revolutionary. In the wonderful murals at the National Palace, the famous Mexican artist, Diego Rivera, depicts the whole history of Mexico, from the time of Quetzalcoatl to the present, and the future when Mexico, too, will be industrialized and modernized. But even more fascinating were the ancient pyramids. Think of it—whole mountains covered with cement and tiled, long before Europe discovered America! I had climbed up 600 steps to the top of the Pyramid of the Sun where, a thousand years before, prisoners of war were sacrificed to the gods.

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such great inventions as in the United States," replied Carmen.

"It is to Mexico that we owe the cultivation of maize, chocolate, and beans. And rubber we got from the Indians of Yucatan," I objected.

"But that is all in the past. We have nothing new to show."

I reminded them of their Palacio de Belles Artes, with an exterior of white marble, a stained glass curtain, and red velvet seats in the auditorium.

"And," I added, "you have the new volcano at Paricutin."

"But we do not have any jeeterboog!" Rosita laughed.

"But," I insisted, "you have the China Poblana!"

The China Poblana is their national dance. It is based on the romance of a Chinese girl who, as the legend has it, came many, many years ago to Mexico, fell in love with a handsome Mexican, and later designed their national costume. But I had not seen the dance, only heard of it. No sooner had I said this, than Juanita found her guitar, Carmen secured a large sombrero, and they danced the graceful and gay China Poblana.

When they had finished, hot and tired, they asked me what I liked least about Mexico.

I immediately answered, "Bull fights!"

Recently, I had seen one in which three bulls and one horse had been killed in an hour's time. I could not forget that each bull had tried repeatedly to escape and that the horses were blindfolded and unable to protect themselves.

"We do not like them either," exclaimed Carmen, to my surprise. "I think we keep them for the tourists!"

The others nodded.

"And what do you like most about Americans?" I inquired.

They answered unanimously, "Your present good-neighbor policy."

"I mean what is your private opinion of American girls?"

"We think they are very interesting," Enrietta stated.

"And we do not think we are," sighed Carmen.

But I certainly did.

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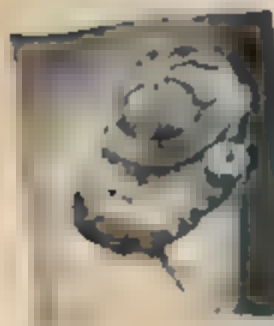


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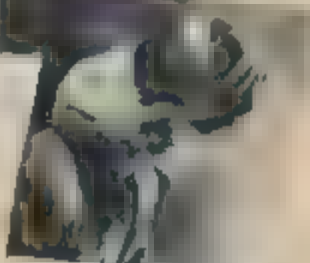
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Tricks for Teens

Brighten Up Your School Days

—Carry your books to school in a sea bag made from an old sugar bag dyed navy blue. Use strong rope for the handle, and use a bit of rope to write your name in one corner of the bag.—*Marcella Hardy, Baltimore, Md.* Or make a huge plaid or checked duffel bag. Reinforce the bottom with heavy cardboard and make the drawstring of thin clothesline. Gay and very practical.—*Anne Collier, Charleston, S. C.* For an attractive locker, buy a small mirror, fasten it to the door of your locker, and paste colorful pictures around it.—*Doris Quirk, Jersey City, N. J.* Tie bows that match your dress to the sidepieces of your glasses, just where they'll trim your hairline.—*Anna B. Renshaw, Rhine, Tex.* Have your class artist draw on the back of your raincoat a picture or cartoon showing your ambition. It's newer than autographs.—*Marion Heberd, Brooklyn, N. Y.* For your next class party, make tiny edible corsages of bright-colored candies individually wrapped in scraps of cellophane, with stems of green crepe paper and lacy frills made from small doilies.—*Pat Blair, Regina, Sask.*

Footnotes for Winter

If your loafers are loose, cut a pair of "insoles" from an old piece of felt. They make the loafers fit better and feel cozier, too.—*Mabel Robinson, Churubusco, N. Y.* Discarded sweaters can be turned into warm bedsocks. Cut a pattern—you'll want it loose—from an old sock; lay your pattern on the sweater, with the sole of the foot along the fold; cut out your sock, and sew up heel and instep. A cord of braided yarn makes ties. These do not ravel as you might expect.—*Barbara Gray, Homewood, Ill.* Cut the soles from an old pair of slippers and sew them to heavy socks. Embroider the joining-place and the socks for a stunning pair of "Weejuns."—*Valerie Walker, Toronto, Ont.* Old scraps of fur

make warm slippers, too. Crochet a sole of heavy rug yarn. Then cut tops from your fur, using a simple bought pattern or working from an old pair of slippers. Sew tops to soles; add a pair of pert fur ears to each slipper if you want to.—*Betty Dimond, Lovington, Ill.*

Pin-Pals for Your Lapel

Have a pin to match those flashy plaid shoelaces. Cut a cardboard circle a "shoelace width" larger than a penny. Glue shoelace around edge of cardboard, tying a perky bow on top. Now glue a shiny penny in the center, give the whole thing several coats of colorless nail polish, fasten a pin to the back, and there you are!—*Huala Einhorn, Los Angeles, Calif.* Make a tiny replica of your school banner from paper fastened to a toothpick staff, and tuck the toothpick into your lapel. Be sure to color the whole thing in your school colors.—*Marilyn McCarthy, Beverly, Mass.* A huge music note made of two pieces of felt, blanket-stitched together over cardboard stiffening, looks sharp on your coat or suit—especially if you mount a picture of Sinatra or Crosby in the center. (You can mount the picture on the cardboard and cut an opening in the felt over it so the picture will show through.)—*Rose Powers, Jersey City, N. J.* The joker from a deck of cards will look smart cut out and mounted on cardboard for your lapel.—*Myrna Israelovitch, Montreal, Que.* A suitcase tag, with your name on one side and "his" on the other, is another lapel label you'll like.—*Joyce Kacik, Tamaqua, Pa.*

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We want new and different tricks. Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 32 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of CALLING ALL GIRLS. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.

YOU, TOO, CAN TAME TIME!

(Continued from page 22)

something else. You can't go out for all the honors you might win. You want to carry some of the larger responsibilities of school and community life. YWCA, Student Council, Red Cross, Easter program at the Old People's Home. You feel you have a gift for organization. Studies aren't everything and you can't be a lone lady all your life. You believe people have to travel with the pack if they ever want to see that bright tomorrow when cooperation takes the place of war. You're going to give your best to the international relations club and support the public forum and work on the school paper. Fine.

But balance the budget. Take on first the things you want most to do well. Better a wow in only two activities until you learn to carry them so easily that you honestly have time for more. It's not only that you'll be more useful when you have time to finish your row once your hand's on the plow, but you'll really have more fun. After you have finally been drastic with your schedule and have cut the load down to a size you can carry, you'll be one of the most relieved mortals on the planet. You'll find yourself hugging yourself in sheer joy.

Weigh the waste. Actually it's the odd moments which cramp your budget. Fifteen here, ten there, dozens of twos and threes scattered down your hallway of time. If you could make good use of the wasted minutes you could probably become a court stenographer, an airplane mechanic, and a master of Chinese dialects on those lumps of lost time. Naturally no girl wants to clock her dates—eleven minutes for sodas, eight and a half to walk home; three flat for good night. But you could sometimes clock your conversation while draped over the radiator at school and you could hang one of those three-minute egg timers beside the telephone.



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Consult the experts. Definitely there's a time to. Talk over your written schedule with your parents. To be sure, you have to be prepared to have them suggest that you cut down on some of the very things you want most to keep. You even have to be prepared to consider their suggestions. Some old-fashioned lanterns still shed light. On the other hand, you have to be prepared to stick up for your time schedule. If hammering brass or playing the tuba means so much to you that you're willing to resign as class president or stay home from a couple of dances, your parents are likely to cooperate. All in all, parents are rather practical people who have been known to render fine first aid to a congested time schedule even to the extent of lightening the load of housework for a spell when it's necessary.

A faculty adviser is also a specialist on time problems. Don't be bashful about asking help. This business of making a time budget that works is one of the more important matters in your entire life.

Count the cost. Your paper schedule has to be transferred into action if it's going to be of any use. A lively imagination and an analytical mind are not enough. Comes the will to do. No one but you can furnish the final oomph. Before you master the schedule your spiritual muscles have to take a beating with all the aches and strains your arms, legs, and back acquire before you develop a wicked backhand stroke. Same principle, same technique, same reward. Success. But temptations always seem to litter the path.

For instance: in the quiet of your room it looks easy to leave your committee meeting at four-thirty, arrive home at five, and practice for an hour before dinner. But at school, with all the jolly talk reverberating through the corridor, it is difficult to pull away. Besides, you say to yourself, if you don't practice before dinner you can practice after dinner. And then? And then your study

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schedule is upset, you go to bed an hour late, get up an hour late, and spoil tomorrow. Actually it isn't so much the flaw in tomorrow which matters; it's the flaw in you.

Of course you are sometimes bound to slip. The fortitude to fail and then to start over is one of the virtues you need. Likewise, you're bound to have dull days when everything takes more time than it should. You're bound to have unexpected responsibilities tossed into your lap. You'll get discouraged. You might as well know before you start that time discipline is a continuing struggle that grows worse, in a sense, as you grow older and you have a home, a husband, children, and a career to fit into your twenty-four hours. However, once you've learned to build a schedule and to be true to it, then you have your habits working for you. You can count on yourself.

Lift your ceiling. Limitations of time need not become limitations of achievement. Time has quality as well as duration. We all have tremendous hidden ability that we seldom use. Instead of spending more time on your history lesson, for example, you could learn to read faster, making your mind organize as you go. Instead of looking out of the window while riding on the streetcar, you might pull forth your Spanish textbook and brush up on vocabulary. In Spitalny's All-Girl Orchestra the violin soloist used to memorize her concert pieces while traveling on the train.

Time can be made to mind you. It's strange and wonderful what heightened awareness can do to it. You take in more beauty, more pain, but more power. Maybe the best attack upon time is this flank attack of seeing and perceiving more as you go. One thing is sure: if you learn to marshall your minutes, then you can handle life's other complications. When you learn to manage time, you learn to manage yourself, which makes you a more successful captain of your fate.



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SO YOU'RE fat, and you hate it. And it certainly is no comfort to be told that you'll outgrow it, or that in Tibet you'd be considered a perfect figure. Being too fat for comfort and fashion is no joke. But it's a rather complex problem, especially when you are a teen-ager. It is highly dangerous, at any age, to diet except under the close supervision of a doctor, and it's more dangerous during those years when you are still growing. Starvation may pay off in pounds lost, but it costs far too much in lowered resistance to disease, upset digestive system, or blood deficiency. So now that we've flatly and definitely condemned the "diet" solution to overweight, let's get down to cases.

There are three general types of "fat" girls—those who have some glandular disturbance; those who overeat (which is quite different from eating adequately) and underexercise; and those who are really not overweight but who have fat spots, such as bulging tummy, protruding fanny, or thick legs.

For the first type, the doctor is the only person who can recommend treatment and a reducing schedule which will probably include tests and medication at the proper time. If you eat moderately and get normal exercise, but are still noticeably overweight, you may be in this group. So see your doctor and follow his advice. You'll be happier, and it will probably be easier to correct the condition now than it would be later.

The second group is much larger but I don't mean individually! There are more girls who are pudgy because they find it hard to resist that extra gooey sundae or the

This Too, Too Solid Flesh

Magic won't give you that slim figure on which you've set your heart—it takes good hard work

By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

luscious slab of chocolate cake. Yes, we advise against "dieting," because so many girls think they can practically stop eating for a few weeks and achieve a beautiful slim figure—a most dangerous procedure. But proper diet is something else again, and is essential to good health, good complexion, and vitality. Whether you are plump or not, you should eat meat, green and yellow vegetables, potatoes, fruit, eggs, and bread. However, you can go heavy on the vegetables and fruit, and very light on the desserts. Drink plenty of water, and don't skimp on milk. But do cut out all between-meal snacks, especially those soda-fountain concoctions. If you're really starving after school, have a glass of plain milk, or buttermilk, and when you're with the crowd, order an orange juice, or a lemonade with very little sugar. Don't do it too often, though. Get as much outdoor exercise as you can, but



Starving is more likely to result in ill and bad temper than in slim curves.

eat just your normal meals instead of ravenously consuming twice the usual amount. One fairly generous serving of each food is enough.

Now for Bulging Bessie. Whittling down those fat spots really calls for will-power. Exercise is about the only trick that will do it, plus close attention to posture. For a protruding stomach, stand with your heels four inches from the wall, feet about four inches apart. Squat slightly, with knees bent and turned a little away from each other, heels flat on the floor. Now, pull in the tail end of your spine, just the way a whipped puppy tucks its tail under. Flatten the back to the wall, especially that dipped-in spot at the waistline, and, while you count to eight, slowly push up along the wall until your legs are almost straight. Hold this position, with tummy held in, chest high, while you count eight again. Breathe naturally. Relax, and repeat exercise four to eight times. Practice this until you find yourself standing naturally in this perfect position. This also helps to pull in the fanny and is fine for posture.

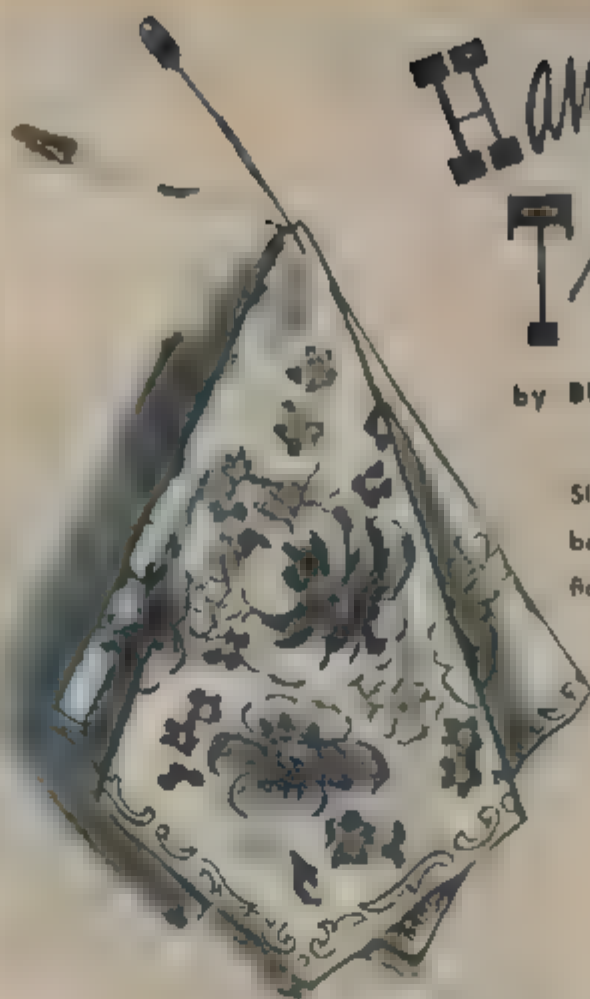
Thick ankles and legs often have a glandular cause. If your doctor finds your glands are all right, you'll still find ankles and legs about as hard to slim as any part of the body—no use pretending there's a quick

It's not easy, but exercise will do it. So pedal hard for slimness sake!



and sure way to do it. About the easiest is ladder-climbing. Yes, just go up and down a ladder at least twenty-five times a day. Bicycle riding is fine, too, either the real thing or imitation, lying on your back and "riding" with your legs in the air. This exercise is good for firming your middle and thighs. You have to work at it, though—push hard, don't just wave your legs lazily or coast downhill.

Do you have figure problems? We know some more exercises to help solve them. Send 3c to Good Looks Department 7, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y., for the leaflet, "All Members in Good Standing."



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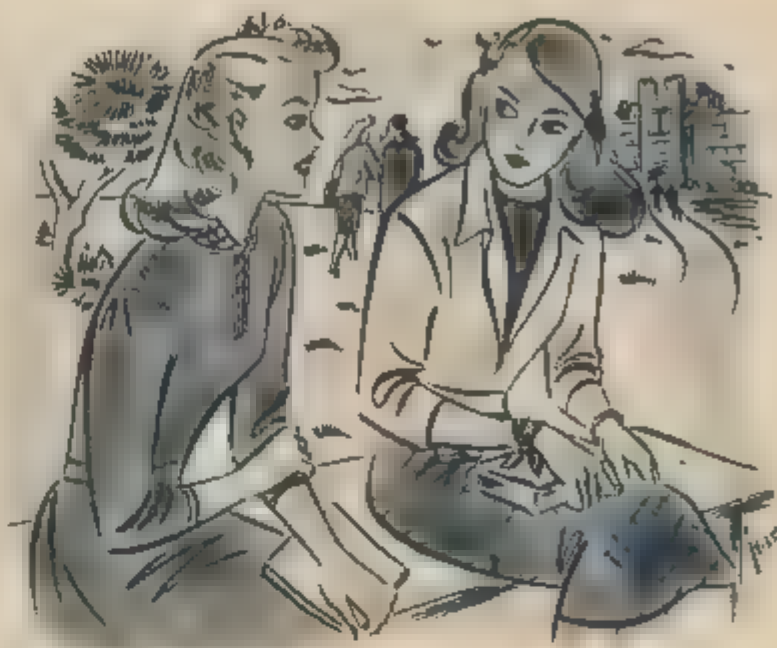
With Sincerest Sympathy

When friends lose someone dear, it's the little thoughtful things you do that really help
By MARTHA ROSS

A FRIEND in need is a friend indeed" is an old saying. It is especially true when a friend has lost someone dear. Then more than ever you want to be a true friend, to say or write just the right words, to help in any way you can to lighten the dark days of sorrow. Unfortunately, however, in the face of death most people are stunned and abashed and at a loss to know how to express sympathy and be of aid.

There are few set rules, but there is one that is most important: it is better to write or say nothing unless you can express yourself from the heart, with real sincerity. Nothing hurts a person who is suffering a loss more than to be faced with gushy phrases. A simple "I'm sorry" said with honest feeling, a silent, but meaningful, handshake can be infinitely more comforting.

But, let us say, you hear that a close school friend of yours has died. You know and like her family and you want to do something to help. In a home upset by a long illness or by a funeral, there are often many thoughtful little things an outsider can do. If your own family plans to send over some food, you can leave it at the door with a note. If you know the family well, you could go over to their home and ask if there is anything to be done, if you might run an errand, or perhaps take the younger children away to play somewhere else for an afternoon. If there



Don't force gaiety, pull a long face, or act as if nothing had happened. Quiet understanding is what's needed.

is some task to be done, do it efficiently and inconspicuously. And if not, just quietly leave; your thoughtfulness in itself will be appreciated.

There is no need to ask to see your friend's parents. They will ask to see you if they wish. And when you do meet them, remember there is no cause for embarrassment. There is no need to avoid the mention of your friend's name. Be as outgoing as possible, and don't call attention to your own feelings.

If a relative of a friend of yours appears on the casualty list, then there may not be tangible services you can offer, but all your tact and consideration will be needed when you meet one of the family. In the first place, try to be natural. You should neither force a gaiety and act as if nothing had happened nor wear a glum face. Strive to hit a happy medium of quiet understanding. It may be that your friend will want to talk about the one who is gone. Then your companionship, your willingness to listen will be the most concrete help you can offer.

Flowers? You as an indi-

vidual will not send them, except to a close personal friend. In the case of a death of a schoolmate, flowers can be sent in the name of a class, club, or other group. If your family is sending flowers, your name will be included. Always obey the request to "please omit flowers" when it appears.

When one of your friends is going through the trying time of adjustment to the loss of a member of the family, don't try to avoid her just because you don't know how to act. Of course, you realize that she needs to a great extent to be alone or just with her immediate family, but some invitations from you are appropriate and will help a lot in getting back to normal. You might drop by and ask your friend if she would like to join you in a walk. Or to come over to your house for dinner with the family, a quiet everyday dinner, not a special occasion.

One of the most difficult things is writing a note of sympathy. Very close friends should write, and from the heart. There is no pat formula of what to write, but your letter should be brief, simple, and sincere. But here's what one girl might write to the girl next door who has lost her father:

Dear Jean:

I was terribly, terribly sorry to hear about your father. I know how deeply you will miss him.

I shall never forget the good times he gave all of us in the neighborhood and shall always think of him as one of the nicest people I ever knew.

Mother and Dad join me in sending you our deepest sympathy and our love.

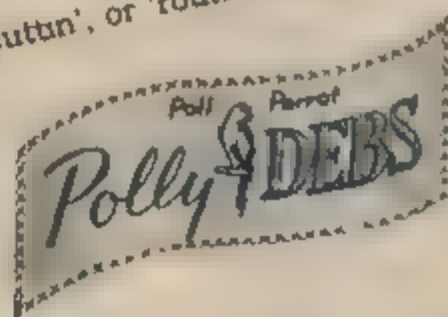
Mary

Of course we hope you won't need these words of advice, but, especially in these days, the time may come when someone at school may lose a brother or a father or an uncle in the service. Then perhaps these suggestions will be of guidance to you.

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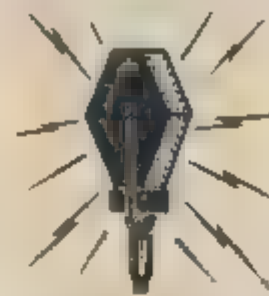
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COOKIE WOWS 'EM WITH WAFFLES

(Continued from page 44)

Waffles make a wonderful breakfast, Sunday night supper, or even dessert, and this basic recipe, which will turn out five or six waffles, is just as simple as it sounds. But that's not all. Like a good suit, you can dress it up or dress it down. First, though, let's go into a couple of baking tricks. If you want your waffle even and flat, make sure the iron is level. Always preheat the iron for each waffle, pour the batter in quickly, and close the iron as fast as possible. If your iron has no heat indicator, test it by putting in a teaspoon of water. When it stops steaming, the iron is ready for the batter. To cure sticking, turn the iron off for a minute, leave it shut and open it gently when you think the waffle should have softened a little. Presently, it will come free.

Variations

Now let's get back to the batter. It's a marvelously adapt-

able gloop. There are a number of ways you can dress it up for luncheon parties. For instance, add a cup of grated cheese to the batter after the shortening. This glorified waffle, served with a couple of strips of bacon and a broiled tomato, is really something. Or sprinkle a couple of tablespoons of minced ham over each waffle just before you close the iron.

Doubling for Potatoes

Next time you serve baked ham, couple it with waffle instead of potato. Half a cup of drained crushed pineapple added to the batter makes it something special for ham. For a waffle to serve with mild fish, stir two tablespoons of grated lemon rind into the liquid before you add it to the batter. With roast chicken, try half a cup of nuts and half a cup of raisins. You can swizzle them into the dry ingredients or sprinkle them on each waffle be-

fore you cook it. And my, what a pleasant change!

Fancy Desserts

But for the sweet tooth, here are some real slayers. Try a cup of grated coconut, stirred into the batter or sprinkled on, and top it with chocolate sauce. Stir in three-quarters of a cup of broken pecan meats and serve sprinkled with cinnamon and brown sugar or good maple syrup. Three-quarters of a cup of stewed apricots or prunes chopped fine and served with the juice will prove pleasant. And a cup of sliced bananas in the batter with a final topping of vanilla-flavored whipped cream—just supposing you can assemble the makings—is sure to produce cries of joy.

You're not through! You really want to stay them? Well, there are chocolate waffles, gingerbread waffles. There is even a corn meal and bacon combination to keep your favorite wolf at the door. Send a postal card for "New Ways with Waffles" to Junior Housekeeping, Dept. 17, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



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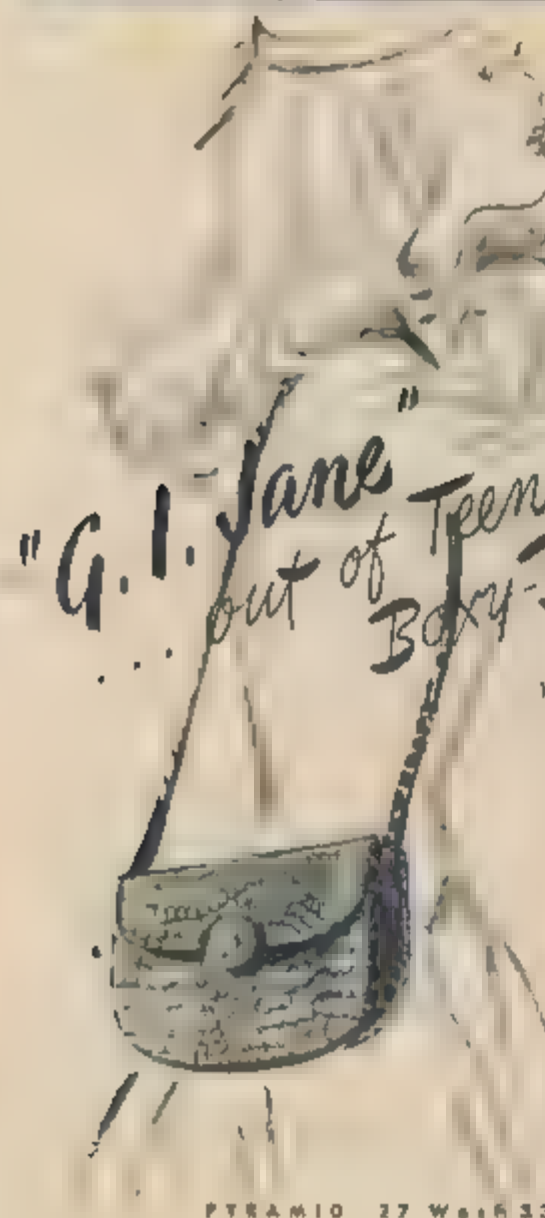
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WHEN SISTERS GET UNDER YOUR SKIN

(Continued from page 9)

ents actually favor their sisters—younger or older—though of course they hope that the parents are trying to be fair. These girls should realize that mothers and fathers can really love each of their children in a special way, for love need not grow less because it is shared. Parents—like daughters—have different ideas and interests; it is natural that they should sometimes take longer to understand some of their children. But most girls recognize the fact that they have had countless evidences of their parents' steadfast devotion. Everyone cannot be treated in exactly the same way at all times; but uniform justice can gradually be achieved when parents and children work at it together during the long years of living together as families.

The girl who has concluded that her father and mother are more lenient with younger children in the family than they were with her may often be quite right. But it may help if she tries to understand. Many a young parent is mightily scared when a first child comes along. It's a great responsibility, and new mothers and fathers are afraid to make exceptions. But by the time the second child



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SO many girls have asked about how to get along with sisters that Mrs. Grayson has devoted her space in this issue to a discussion of that one subject. "Let's Talk Things Over" will resume its usual form in the forthcoming issues of **CALLING ALL GIRLS**.

Airing problems usually brings comfort and practical suggestions. If there's something on your mind that is troubling you, why don't you write and tell Alice Barr Grayson about it? If you sign your complete name and address (they won't be printed), and state your age, a personal reply will be sent you—unless, of course, your problem or one just like yours is answered in this department. Write to Mrs. Alice Barr Grayson, **CALLING ALL GIRLS**, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17 N. Y.

arrives, these parents may correctly have discovered that they dare to be flexible. On the other hand, an older sister may not remember accurately. It may only seem to her that the younger girl has more privileges. Furthermore, some young people actually are more mature at an earlier age; they may just be "built that way," or perhaps they have acquired a good deal of knowledge and judgment from older brothers and sisters. It is true that parents should try to allow for differences in privileges and responsibilities as between older and younger offspring.

Younger girls and boys need more physical care and protection—a fact that sometimes makes it seem as though they were getting a disproportionate share of their parents' time and attention. On the other hand, girls are right when they recognize that little sisters should not be pampered and babied. At each stage of development one must try to express one's fullest strength and maturity.

Sharing belongs in family life, and discovering how to do this is one way of finding out how to live together in groups. Words like *mine*, *yours*, and *ours* must be understood. Arguments certainly are not as helpful as wise planning, discussing, giving, and taking.

Where home tasks are to be divided—and they usually are—there are often cries of distress. There is hardly anybody who has not, at certain times, wished he or she could get out of doing something unpleasant or dull—especially when there are lots more fascinating things to do! Very young children, particularly, often find it hard to understand the need for sharing, taking responsibility, and cooperating. But adolescents should be on the road to developing these good attitudes and actions. Most of them gradually do find out, too, that give-and-take can sometimes be just as much fun as holding on grimly to their own rights. Of course, they must want to grow up in these ways; no one can be nagged in-

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to being thoughtful or generous. If sisters make up their minds that they are going to do their bit, to be considerate of each other, they will be making progress. It helps when such things as room furnishings, pictures, decorations, and so on are planned jointly.

Sisters who have their own individual interests may share many things. They can co-operate in getting ready for and helping to entertain guests, in dividing and apportioning household jobs, discussing schoolwork, listening to radio programs, planning wardrobes, meals, or home decoration—and in innumerable other things that are the ingredients of living. An older girl may find real delight in helping a younger one plan a party for the sub-sub-deb crowd, and she may sometimes want to invite the younger one to join her own gang on special occasions or for short periods. Often little sisters will want to display their older sisters to admiring friends.

Honest differences in tastes and ideas cannot be easily reconciled, of course. It is not easy for two girls very far apart in their points of view to share a room. Patience and a willingness to try to make the best of a hard situation do help. And changes do come, and new arrangements may be possible later.

The girls who complain because their mothers and fathers expect them to permit sisters to accompany them wherever they go, sharing all their activities, are justified in resenting this. Sisters should not be together all the time, for they need a life of their own. In all honesty, girls may tell their families that they will be much more likely to want to do things for their sisters and brothers now and then if they have not been expected to do so all the time, to live in duet or quartet fashion instead of as individuals.

In certain homes there is a new angle to the sister problem. A married sister whose husband is in the service may have come back home to live. And the older girl is not always fun

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to have around, especially if she bosses. It is difficult to have too many commanders. On the other hand, an older sister can be the nicest of friends, understanding how a young girl feels. And surely the family to which she has returned will want to try to understand that she is just one more sister-and-daughter in search and deserving of a square deal.

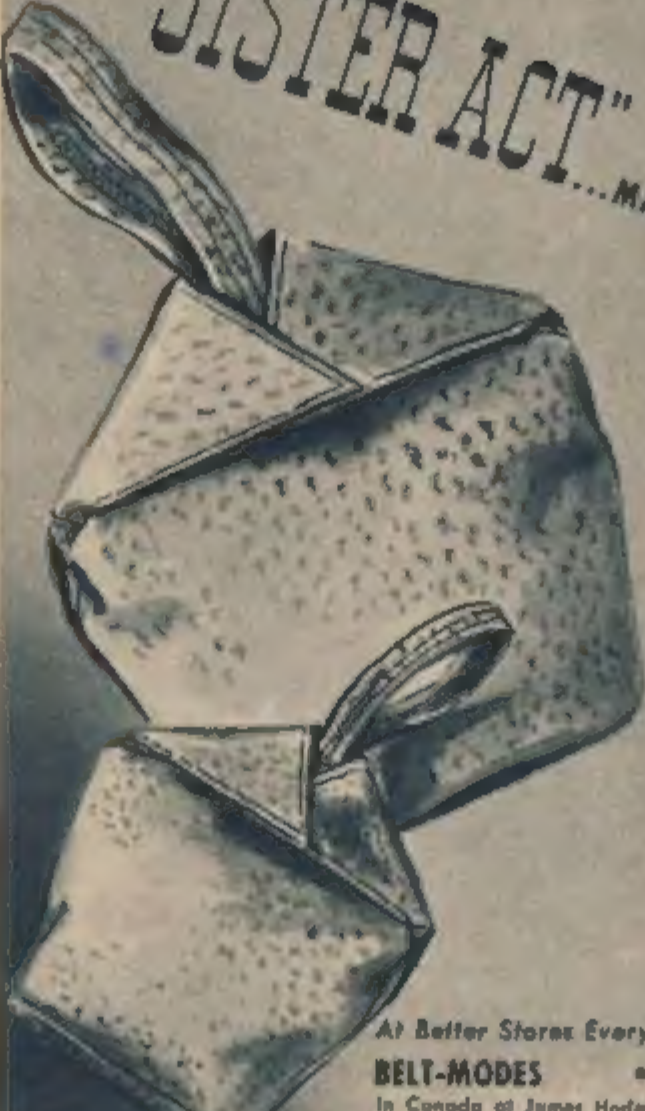
Now, general do's and don't's. Sisters will be more likely to be real companions if they try to see and appreciate all the good, pleasant things in one another. They can allow for differences, develop patience with human, to-be-expected faults and shortcomings in each other and in life in general, and cultivate a sense of humor, not seeing and hearing trivial things all the time. They can try to understand their sisters' ways, ideas, needs, and interests, as well as to seek help in knowing themselves better and in understanding what their parents are really like as people and as heads of families. They can have a life of their own and help sisters to do likewise.

A girl will be happier all her life if she can succeed in setting a good example in self-control, dignity, fair play, reasonableness, and forgiveness; if she gives up making endless comparisons and discovers instead how fine a thing it is to be able to rejoice in the successes of others. And family life is smoother if, instead of bearing malice, the members discuss things with sisters, brothers, and parents to straighten out problems and start anew to work toward better things.

It is good to recall the many times when sisters have felt very sure of their parents' love, and it helps lots to remember how much the girls in a family really care for one another—how close they are drawn, and how surely they would want to stick together in any real crisis. Sisters can successfully pass through some stormy years—years when they seem to be all too often at cross purposes—and later become friends in the truest sense.

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March 1945

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it if Storm is dopey enough to think my mother wrote them? We both have the same name. I just wave my eyelashes..."

"Oh, you and your eyelashes!" Jane sighed. "Come on, get this costume on. You ought to be limbering up right now, and you know it."

"I leave all that to teacher's pet," Lorrie said nastily, but submitted to being zipped into her costume. She popped a big chocolate into her mouth; it exploded sweetish drops onto the dressing table as a peremptory knock on the door was followed by Peter Storm himself. The half-empty box of chocolates was in plain sight. Lorrie's jaws were moving. Peter Storm took a deep breath.

"Two," he said evenly. "Time for you girls to be on stage."

"This isn't chocolate, it's liquid eyelash darkener," Lorrie explained the drops.

"Oh, yeah?" Peter asked unbelievably, and scooped one up with his finger tip and licked it. "Makes very good eating," he said, dangerously mild, and left as rapidly as he had come. Lorrie shivered involuntarily as the door slammed.

"He makes me nervous," she said. "I wish I hadn't cut so many rehearsals. I'm getting scared." To Jane's surprise two big tears slid out onto her cheeks. "Darn that man," Lorrie complained. "He ought to have made me come to rehearsals. It's his fault I don't know the dance."

"Well, really!" Jane looked at Lorrie and was surprised that she wasn't more angry with her. "Come on, now," she said soothingly. "You'd better fix your make-up. It's sorta streaked."

Five minutes later Lorrie was in the wings. She was shaking all over, her eyes were glassy, her knees were trembling. She could only shake her head vaguely as Jane tried to impress the steps of her dance on her.

"Pas de bourrees. Pas de basques. Entrechat quatre. Arabesque." Jane repeated the beginning of the routine over and over, but Lorrie wasn't listen-

ing. Applause beat over the footlights as the principals took their bows. Peter Storm was watching Lorrie grimly. He hadn't spoken to either of them. The scenery was shifted in the half darkness, the ballet grouped itself on stage, and the curtain swept up as the muted melody of Lorrie's cue music came once, twice, three times.

Even after Storm said, "Get on stage, Lorrie," Lorrie stood frozen.

Jane was frantic. She reached out and gently pushed her toward the lighted stage, but Lorrie turned and slapped her.

"Don't you touch me. I won't go out there and make a fool of myself. I don't know the steps."

Peter Storm's eyebrows went up. His mouth was a thin line.

"Okay, Lorrie. Take over, Janie." There was a teasing friendliness in Peter Storm's voice that made her heart stand still.

"Me?" Jane asked. "You want me to dance?"

He nodded. For the first time in weeks the twinkle was back in his blue eyes. Nearly everything went right, almost like a professional performance. Jane didn't even mind the fact that the spotlight had a hard time finding her and staying with her, for Peter Storm was watching her, looking pleased.

"That's dancing," he whispered from the wings as she passed him by in the circle of toe pirouettes.

His words made the final turns ridiculously easy. She was scarcely out of breath when she sank into her deep curtsy. The applause roared over the footlights, was muffled as the curtain fell. Strange, though, even with the curtain down it seemed as if she could still hear applause. It was all around her. She turned and looked into the wings. Lorrie had vanished, but Peter Storm was leading the cast in clapping for her.

The curtains parted and Jane took a second bow. She was awfully happy. She could breathe easily now. Only three more months of school. Gosh, how she'd miss Boylston High!



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